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VOLUME II. [NEW SERIES] NO. 6 JUNE 1949

Some of the Contents

COMMENTARY
Douglas Jerrold

A BANKRUPT BUDGET?
O. E. Crosthwaite Eyre, M.P.

SIX MONTHS AT A COLONY OF GREAT SKUAS
Richard Perry

BEAUTIFUL WORDS
Clifford Bax

CHURCH AND STATE IN ENGLAND
T. E. Utley

THE BALANCED LIFE REQUIRES THE COUNTRY
Vincent Sheean

Other important contributions by
R. K. Narayan, R. W. Alston, Arnold Lunn, Christopher Sykes, Richard Mallett, Guy Stenning, Arthur F. Loveday, etc., etc.

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THE VOLUME II. No. 6

NEW ENGLISH REVIEW MAGAZINE

Edited by DOUGLAS JERROLD

CONTENTS JUNE 1949

	PAGE
COMMENTARY DOUGLAS JERROLD	355
A BANKRUPT BUDGET? O. E. CROSTHWAITE EYRE, M.P.	362
Poem THE UNSEEN ROSE KATHLEEN RAINE	367
SIX MONTHS AT A COLONY OF GREAT SKUAS RICHARD PERRY	369
BEAUTIFUL WORDS CLIFFORD BAX	373
CHURCH AND STATE IN ENGLAND T. E. UTLEY	377
Short Story A BREACH OF PROMISE R. K. NARAYAN	381
THE COLD WAR IN LATIN-AMERICA ARTHUR F. LOVEDAY	383
Theatre A COMEDY OF GENIUS HUBERT GRIFFITH	387
ART AND NATURE R. W. ALSTON	390
Poem SONG OF THE NIGHT MARY WYKEHAM	394
NOTES FROM OVERSEAS	395
POVERTY PARADE OF TRAMPS AND OTHERS GUY STENNING	397
THE BALANCED LIFE REQUIRES THE COUNTRY VINCENT SHEEAN	403
HUGH KINGSMILL MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE	407
UNDER TWO DICTATORS ARNOLD LUNN	410
SHORT NOTICES, NOVELS	

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JUNE COMMENTARY

THE ATLANTIC PACT, THE COMMONWEALTH AND EUROPEAN UNION

THREE things have happened during the last few weeks—each designed in some way to mitigate a world crisis foreseen by some of the experienced statesmen of the *ancient régime* quite early in the last century but which find the politicians of the present day unprepared and therefore not a little confused. We are on the way to the first formal defensive alliance between a powerful group of European nation states and the United States and Canada; yet the Atlantic Pact looks forward, on the face of it, to no political or economic integration of the Atlantic powers; it is an old-fashioned defensive military instrument recognizing the sovereignty of the signatories. We have seen within the same period a further step forward in the disintegration of the British Commonwealth, if indeed the term is not already an anachronism. We have also seen the formal constitution of the Council of Europe, set out in a document bearing the signatories of the European parties to the Atlantic Pact and of the Republic of Ireland. Historically considered, all these developments reflect the failure of the attempt to build an international order on the ideals of the Enlightenment and the desire to sustain or create some organization to palliate the consequencies or the collapse of the liberal experiment. It will not surprise, though it will scarely hearten, the historical student to observe that all these instruments and declarations are recommended to the suffrages of mankind as so many offerings at the shrine of the very ideology, the collapse of which has brought them into being.

CONSIDER first the declaration of the Commonwealth Prime Ministers. At first glance the purpose of this is to declare that allegiance to H.M. the King is no longer a condition of membership of the Commonwealth. Actually it marks the failure of a political experiment under which the citizens of separate sovereign states enjoyed common citizenship with the corresponding

obligation of mutual assistance. The Monarchy was not, and never had been, the symbol of a pre-existing or subsisting unity. It was itself the unifying factor in the Commonwealth. When the Statue of Westminster in 1926 conferred full sovereign rights on the then existing Dominions the underlying purpose was not to degrade the Crown from a functional to a merely symbolic rôle but to strengthen the bond of allegiance by providing that that allegiance was freely entered into and freely maintained. The unity preserved by the Statute of Westminster was a unity of mutual obligations which could be dissolved by the unilateral decision of any of the Dominions, but only, in practice, as General Smuts warned us a few weeks ago, by forfeiting, with the obligations, the advantages of membership of the British Commonwealth. It is this limiting condition which, at the insistence of India, has been removed by the new declaration.

The Council of Europe by way of contrast, represents another effort to combine a different group of sovereign independent nation states in political organization. The Council marks an important advance on the League of Nations and the United Nations Organization in one respect only, that it demands a qualification for membership which may at least spare us the dishonouring and repulsive spectacle of adventurers, assassins or slave-traders presiding over its deliberations. Having gone so far, however, as to insist that there shall be among its members some meeting of minds and hearts, the promoters of the Council have taken fright at the possibility of the meeting of minds leading to effective joint action and have removed all questions of defence from the purview of the organization; in re-asserting the principle that decisions of political importance must be unanimous, the promoters have blocked the path to any political union, and, by leaving current economic questions to the pre-existing organization for European Economic Co-operation, they have in fact, though not in theory, removed economic questions from effective consideration.

THERE is a great temptation to say in these matters that any movement towards unity is a step in the right direction, and that everything must begin somewhere. That is precisely as sensible as to say that if a man wishes to get from Kensington to the City the important thing is that he leaves his house and that it is really a small matter whether, after leaving it, he moves east or west.

The world has not come to its present catastrophe by chance. It has come because it has refused to face the consequences of the discovery that, after all, man is not, as the men of the Enlightenment believed and taught, naturally good and naturally wise, and that freedom is only possible to men in the mass within the discipline of a closed moral order. The consumer-state, in which free play is given to the appetites of the numerical majority, is destined to collapse, and a union of nation-states in which the will of the transient and acquisitive majorities who control the several governments is subject to no restriction in the common interest, or for the common good, is equally fated to begin in confusion and to end in war. These things are written in history for all to read and have been made plainer than ever

before in our own time when, twice in a generation, the world has been brought to castastrophe by the secular claim of an exclusive and aggressive nationalism, repudiating in its own interests all international obligations.

IN the middle ages the teachings of a universal church provided for the western world the framework of a closed moral order and it was sought to enforce by spiritual sanctions the obligations thus imposed. This failing, the Papacy sought, and for a time obtained, temporal power but the experiment ended in disaster because, as in most human affairs, the practice did not march with the precept. The hopes centred in the medieval papacy and the medieval empire were alike destroyed in the struggles between Frederick II and Innocent IV and his successors, According to some, the medieval order died of scepticism, nepotism and corruption; according to others it was destroyed by the new commercial middle classes acting in the name of Nationalism in politics and Reformation in religion. Neither of these loose and partial generalizations are tolerable but both tell part of the story. The development of specific national languages, literatures and institutions was probably the most decisive solvent. The vices of the clergy, the scepticism of the laity, and the selfish ambitions and the greed of politicians flourished in an anarchy not of their creation, although all three influences intensified the crisis and made the destruction of the medieval system complete and final.

After the wars of religion came the era, only now closing, of the national sovereign states forming a system held in political equilibrium by the dynastic interests of their rulers and by the political interests of an international governing class subserving a balance of power directed against every resurgence of imperialism. This was the *ancien régime*, the end of which was forecast when Napoleon invented the terrible and barbaric conception of a nation armed in its own exclusive interests. The use of arms had until his time been for centuries the exclusive prerogative of sovereign rulers or aristocratic oligarchies, whose common interests, even in the bitterest struggles, so far outweighed the importance of the matter in dispute as to ensure that war was waged on the principle of limited liability. The tragic exception of the German thirty years' war proved the rule to the satisfaction of all European statesmen of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.

IT is a common but serious error to suppose that the *ancien régime* collapsed of its own inefficiency. It was destroyed by the French Revolution, itself the culminating achievement of those eighteenth century philosophers whose ideas and principles are known under the convenient and to-day ironic name of the Enlightenment. These seductive ideas swept the bourgeois into power in France, and lent the appearance of moral energy to the appetites of those who, because they had few possessions, came now to regard themselves as the dispossessed.

Napoleon Buonaparte saw in the great upsurge of opinion against the old order and its privileges an instrument ready to his hand. The old order was in disrepair: the people could be armed and organized to construct a new world order.

Fortunately there was not, as in 1939, when liberal democracy was confronted with the communists as well as the fascists, any challenge except Napoleon's to the *ancien régime*. Consequently the *ancien régime*, after a great struggle largely determined by British sea power, was restored but reformed.

FOR this reason, the long-term results of the French revolution might well have seemed, and did in fact seem for a time, wholly good. Had Thiers or Gladstone or Cavour been told that as the result of the ideas of the Enlightenment, to which they were heirs, more than fifty million people would die violent deaths between 1911 and 1949—a total far exceeding all the recorded deaths from war or civil commotion or religious persecution in the two thousand years of Christian history, they would not have believed it possible, which is not surprising since very few even of those of us who have lived through these years are aware that we have lived through ages more barbaric in this respect than any since the dawn of civilization. Metternich alone, as far as we know, clearly foresaw the impending catastrophe at the time of its genesis. Yet the conclusion of the matter should indeed have been clear enough to any mind not obsessed with the dreams of natural wisdom and virtue. The strength of the *ancien régime* may have appeared to rest on the rights of property and part of the morality it fostered was the morality derived from the general recognition of those rights. The true strength of the *ancien régime* lay, however, in the fact that the theory of Christianity was at the very core of the society that had been created in Europe. Men carried on politics on the presumption of a divinely revealed design conforming to the limitations of human nature. The disciples of the French Revolution, on the other hand, since they were convinced that human nature had no limitations, naturally believed that they could work out a much better design for themselves and for society as a whole. All the idealisms which confuse and in confusing gravely weaken our counsels to-day have their root in this conceit.

PEACE will come in our time, if at all, not by the assumption of a rival supremacy of power by the western democracies but by a return to a world in which the power of each and all is severely limited: this limitation must be enforced by material as well as moral sanctions. Historians emphasize the almost endless dynastic wars of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries fought to so little purpose, as it seems to us. What is really remarkable, in the history of the *ancien régime*, is the freedom of movement, the solidarity of the international order, the common respect for rights and jurisdiction and the clear recognition everywhere of the existence of an international social order transcending in its importance and in the loyalties it engendered the sectional loyalties of nationalism. What shocked the world about Napoleon was not his politics but his aggressive nationalism, his readiness to destroy, in French interests, the framework of European society, his

repudiation of the complex of rights and obligations which had held Europe together as one society alike in war and peace. The service Napoleon rendered, on the other hand, was that he forced the statesmen of the *ancien régime* to recognize that reform was a condition of the restoration of the European order and that avoidable poverty and social injustice were incompatible with the public profession of Christianity. It was no coincidence that the restoration of the *ancien régime* of 1815 combined with acceptance of the gospel of reform led to a hundred years of peace and progress alike without parallel in human history as far as we can know or judge.

IT was, in one sense, the steady erosion of the structure of the social order by revolutionary idealism during the last seventy-five years that led to the catastrophe of our time. The bourgeoisie destroyed in due course the magic alike of the throne and the altar and removed the moral restraints on the acquisitive ambitions of popular nationalism. There were, however, other restraints of a material kind which remained effective throughout the Indian summer of the *ancien régime* in the nineteenth century. These restraints were provided by the free movement of men, money and goods. These things, so long as they prevailed, imposed by their own nature decisive and fruitful limitations on the appetites of all classes and all nations. It was only as they were slowly curtailed, as each nation set out to be increasingly a law to itself, to secure exclusive markets and economic privileges, and to achieve a higher standard of living at the expense of its neighbours, that catastrophe began to threaten, until to-day after two world wars and an immense destruction of life and property, all freedom of movement alike of men and goods is at end, there is no international currency to check the gratification of the appetites of political majorities, and no self-regulating system to ensure that men shall reap only what they sow and that nations shall consume only to the true value of what they produce.

NO international organization, be it Commonwealth or Council or Pact, which seeks to defend an anarchy without removing its causes will last. Nations like individuals can only live in peace together if they accept common obligations, and the acceptance of the unrestricted rights of political majorities is not the acceptance of a common obligation but the tolerance of a common habit of self-indulgence. The rights of political majorities are not absolute. To assert this is to defy the moral law and to substitute world anarchy for world order. These truths are known to every statesmen in the western world but what is needed is the courage to proclaim them and the skill to create an international organization which shall reflect them and compel the nations to act in accordance not with the unlimited hopes but with the limited potentialities of human nature.

THE lesson alike for Europe and the Commonwealth is provided by the history of the United States, politically a loose federation but united by common citizenship, freedom of trade and a common currency. A political union based on the mutual recognition of exclusive citizenship, inconvertible currencies, and no freedom of movement for men or goods is nothing more than a dream, and a bad dream at that, since it bases the form of union on those things which divide. It is also fundamentally un-Christian since it is based on a constructive denial of the obligation to bear each other's burdens. The acceptance of that obligation is the condition alike of the vitality of the Commonwealth, of any Union of Western Europe and of the Atlantic Pact. These three political instruments, in their turn, are each necessary to the people of these islands, not merely to their happiness but to their very existence. The Conservative Party to-day has therefore a great responsibility before history. The foreign policy of the Socialist Party abounds in good intentions but the constructive contribution to the cause of civilization has been inadequate. The immediate aim of British foreign policy to-day must be, firstly, to set up an effective organization for the military defence of Western Europe and the Mediterranean against aggression from the East, and, secondly, to promote the economic union of the Western European and Mediterranean Powers over the widest possible area so as to achieve as soon as possible a common currency which can be freely convertible into dollars. This is the necessary prelude to any free movement either of men or goods.

The problems of the Commonwealth are more complex, but where the bond of allegiance is to be dissolved we must seek a bond of mutual obligation for mutual defence. If the great new states which are the residuary legatees of the British Empire of India are to endure, they must assume those responsibilities which for nearly two centuries have been discharged on their behalf by this country. It is the measure of our service in the past to the peoples of India that their political and economic organization is to-day vastly superior to that of any of their neighbours and their wealth correspondingly greater. As co-operating members of the Commonwealth they can hope to retain and build on these advantages. Otherwise they will be submerged in the tide of anarchy which is flowing over Asia. It is much to the credit of the present Government that the Government of India has been persuaded of this fundamental truth but only the first step has been taken. Much remains to be done, and the time is short.

DOUGLAS JERROLD.

HUGH KINGSMILL

HUGH KINGSMILL had been in poor health for some months but his great courage lent him a vitality which encouraged hopes of his recovery almost until the end. His death on 15th May was a severe loss to English letters as well as a personal sorrow to all his colleagues. Later in this number of the *Review* Mr. Malcolm Muggeridge speaks of him as a writer, conversationalist and friend. I wish here to say something of his work as a critic, in which capacity he is perhaps best known to many readers of this *Review*.

He had the two indispensable qualities—courage and detachment—without which no man can attempt criticism, but these qualities are too often regarded as sufficient. This is not so. To them must be added the rigorous assertion of critical standards. Kingsmill insisted first and foremost on the writer's need for an integrated personality. A man's values must only be influenced by his good or ill-fortune, his prejudices or his sentiments in so far as these influences have been informed by reason, illuminated by imagination and disciplined by an act of will directed to the right end, the search for the truth that is in men, the truth not that men speak but that men live.

All this, commonplace though it may sound, carries the critic into difficult places. Yet, if the man can be disassociated from the writing, the writing itself becomes at once a mere technique—like painting a house as opposed to painting a picture. It is characteristic of our times that Kingsmill's criticism, which in fact was classical in its approach, was regarded as idiosyncratic precisely because he was not seduced by what Joseph Conrad called "the occasional utterance of elevated sentiments" by an author into attributing a quality of elevation to his work. The virtue must be found, if at all, in the thing lived, not in the thing said. The creative artist must himself experience what he portrays; the man of action must be an artist in life. All this has been said before; it is indeed classical doctrine but it has seldom been applied to contemporary writing and reading with the same fine and courageous logic as Kingsmill applied week by week over a long period.

The great body of his critical work, inadequately appreciated by some to-day, will live, as surely as Johnson's Lives of the Poets have lived. It is so exact and, as Jowett said of the late Lord Oxford and Asquith, so direct. No critic can ever hope to live always up to his own standards, but very few have so often attained them as Kingsmill did. The greater part of his secular misfortunes, which were many, were due to this. Where most men, pressed by the need to make a living, would have written in haste, Kingsmill would, regardless of his personal circumstances, spend days on a short article which, when finished, seemed so effortless, so "necessary" in its conclusive logic, that the reader might and often did assume that it had been written in an hour or so. Had it been so, Hugh Kingsmill would not only have preserved, as he did to the very end, his courage, his sense of humour and his serene acceptance of life, but also his health. It was not to be so. *Requiescat in pace.*

A BANKRUPT BUDGET?

By O. E. CROSTHWAITE EYRE*

IN pre-war days it was possible to examine any Budget statement by the Chancellor of the Exchequer on its intrinsic merits and without reference to extraneous considerations. For either by the standard of critical analysis, or that of popular estimation the statements stood or fell by what it effected within the year for which it was designed. Now that we think we have become more clever and are able to control the economics underlying both internal and external finance, many more questions are raised by the Budget. An appreciation must therefore rest not purely on what the Budget says but on an analysis first, of whether it is in logical sequence with those that have gone before it; secondly, whether it shows any advance in the solution of the long term problems with which the country is faced, and thirdly, whether it has made any allowances for changes in the world situation that may have occurred since the previous year. In the last two Budgets the main criticisms have always been directed against the inability of the Socialists correctly to appreciate the present plight of the country as far as internal finance is concerned, and that externally they have made no real effort to do more than botch up a makeshift plan which by constant expediency alone has prevented a complete breakdown in the validity of sterling.

Within limits we may do what we like internally to re-adjust our pattern of society, but externally it was essential in 1945, to recognize that since the pattern of world trade had been upset, unless the volume of war time accumulated sterling held overseas was reduced to a sum which represented a fair charge on the productivity of the country, we could never hope to achieve that acceptance throughout the world of sterling as a valid currency which alone could ensure the long term future.

IN 1945, the Socialist Budgetary plan was a simple one. It consisted first in an attempt by penal taxation to impose a redistribution of wealth both for current earnings and inherited capital. External conditions were glossed over on the assumption that the American Loan would be sufficient to cover the interval until once more our economy was self-sufficient. In broad terms this policy persisted until in July 1947, in accordance with the terms of the American Loan, Mr. Dalton attempted to re-establish the convertibility of sterling. The flight from sterling which followed this action and which exhausted all but a quarter of the American Loan, resulted under Dr. Dalton in an unwilling and under Sir Stafford Cripps in a complete change of front by the Government. Sir Stafford Cripps lost no time in calling a halt both to the spendthrift policy of his predecessor and to the belief that sterling unbacked by production or availability of goods could become a convertible currency.

The Budgets of 1948 and 1949, have in succession shown an ever greater attempt by Sir Stafford Cripps to wean Socialists away from the belief that unlimited benefits can be secured by taxing existing wealth. Abroad, his policy has been to reduce sterling to a mere symbol of exchange under bilateral pacts which as far as possible leave neither side in debt to the other. This is the real background for 1949. A background in which the Chancellor admits that no further taxation of wealth is possible, and that he may even have to introduce a special impost on National Health benefits if that Service, one of the main boasts of the Socialist Administration, is to continue in its present form. He has also made it clear that Purchase Tax must remain more or less at its present level, and that no great reductions can be expected in the Excise duties on beer

* *Mr. O. E. Crosthwaite Eyre, is Conservative M.P. for the New Forest Division of Hampshire.*

and tobacco, commodities which up to the war have always been considered the simple day to day pleasures of the ordinary man.

This is the real bankruptcy of the Budget for it shows the conclusion of four years of relentless planning with the result of a worsening of our position in nearly every field of National finance. White Papers may show that since the culmination of the Dalton disaster in 1947, we have improved, but it would be difficult to produce a similar Paper to show that we are better off now than we were in 1945. The Budget could well be summarized that like the White Papers which preceded it, it consists of a bombardment of the public by the Government of Socialist exhortations to recognize the perils in which the country stands, without offering any remedy. They are comparable to the man at sea who is so busy shouting "Man Overboard" that he forgets to throw a life-belt to the unfortunate wretch in the sea.

IT is, first of all, impossible except on a very limited scale, to effect a re-distribution of wealth. Wealth can easily be destroyed but it cannot be re-distributed; and this is true both of current earnings and inherited capital. If inherited capital is taxed for current requirements the only long term effect is that there is less capital to tax; that in consequence the taxable revenue becomes less and so the amount that can be gathered out of taxation. This in turn results in more and more of the burdens for the maintenance of State expenditure having to be borne by imposts on common requirements. In turn this is the prime way of causing inflation. The wage-earner who sees those things to which he has been accustomed rising in price through taxation is bound to ask for a wage increase. That increase particularly with a high rate of taxation, shows itself in an almost automatic advance in the price of the article which he wishes to buy and hence puts it even more out of his reach than before he asked for the increase. It is easy for a Socialist Chancellor to talk about the immoralities of great fortunes, and particularly of fortunes that are inherited without effort by the descendant. But it is on these fortunes, and through these fortunes, that social services have been possible since they constitute a reserve of wealth, which if taxed properly can provide a permanent basis of social amelioration. Wealth has always been rightly viewed as something which cannot be unilaterally enjoyed, but from whose surplus a just contribution to the welfare of the State must be made. The present scale of taxation is not only destroying a most valuable source of revenue, but is also resulting in many internal dangers. Possibly the easiest to quote is the case of Land. Here, superficially, there may seem no damage in robbing the owner of a large estate of eight-tenths of it by Death Duties. But it has the gravest effects on agriculture. English agriculture has always depended on continuity and throughout every county will be found tenant farmers who from generation to generation have held their lands from the same owner. They have built up a very satisfactory way of life for themselves and by their permanence have given stability which is the essence of agricultural success. Nowadays one can hardly open a newspaper without reading of a large estate for sale. Many of these pass into the hands of the speculator who cares nothing for agriculture or the English agricultural tradition. He strips the land of timber, sells all the best pieces so that he can recoup himself with whatever immediate profits he can secure. The rest of the estate is left derelict. It is but necessary to motor in rural England to-day to see the devastation that has been done to our natural reserves, particularly of timber, to realize that instead of a stable rural community we have merely to-day the inevitable response of penal taxation, which is to get what you can irrespective of benefit to, or the future of, the community.

Such penal taxation has another grave effect. In the past the strength of this country has always been that it was possible for people to achieve in whatever trade they might select, independence for themselves. Napoleon called us a Nation of Shopkeepers; if instead he had said "Small Shopkeepers" he would correctly have stated the real strength of the nation. With taxation at its present level; and with the desire of the Socialists to rationalize economic life,

the individual has no such chance. He can never hope by savings, or by initiative to start his own business or even, unless he is very lucky, to own his own house. He is condemned to the Welfare State in which the price of Socialist Security is set at that of his independence. Provided he is willing to be a symbol he will be granted security from the cradle to the grave—so long as finance allows—but if he shows any desire to improve himself or to become independent of Government control, then as far as taxation goes he is viewed as an enemy of the State. The corollary of this economic stagnation is the bad effect it has on existing businesses. Private enterprise lives by competition, by the knowledge that to succeed it must serve the consumer both by efficiency and providing the best article at the lowest cost. There is no such need to-day. Businesses in existence need not fear a new competitor and the result even in three years has become evident in the ever-slackening impetus by this country along the road of industrial progress. One of the most noticeable effects has been the tendency to disregard cost. Though this may be agreeable both to trade unions and managements through high wages and easy profits, it can only last so long as by one way or another we are able to retain sellers' markets. Already world prices are moving against us and we find it more and more difficult to sell in the markets of our choice. The day will shortly come when either costs are reduced or we cease to sell. That day will show the bankruptcy of the policy that the Government has pursued. Even more important than this general aspect is the tendency it produces for existing businesses to amalgamate or make other arrangements, whereby they are grouped in ever bigger units. The last three years have meant that when the Conservatives have an opportunity to alter the present Government policy it is going to be very much more difficult to restore the small unit as the real basis of English industrial life. The Government may have made England safe for monopolies and the Co-op but they have destroyed the chances of young people to achieve independence, and so to provide the natural regeneration of enterprise which is beyond price. For this we shall have to pay dearly.

OF our external affairs a much brighter picture was painted, but it was a picture that was based on the fallacy that improvement over 1947 was the test rather than how far we had proceeded since the war towards national solvency. All that can be said of the Government's comparison is that we have ceased to imitate the Gadderene Swine. Apart from targets and assumptions there is little to show how even the Chancellor of the Exchequer expects that by 1952 we shall be able to do without American Aid. Let us consider the assumptions on which our policy is based. We assume there will be no slump either at home or abroad; that somewhere, somehow the sellers' market will continue; that the Americans will not press for further advantages in world markets, either by a limited return to convertibility or by an increase of multilateralism; that the terms of trade will at least not move further against us, and perhaps worst of all, the belief in Socialist minds, that the Americans can't let us fail. This last assumption is most pernicious, since the acceptance of it is the biggest handicap to the realization by the country of the problems with which it is faced. The Americans are more than good friends. Indeed, the amount of money and help they have given us must rank unparalleled in acts of generosity between two nations. But the Americans are realists and whilst there is little short of the impossible they would do to help, they with their many problems are not going to pour money away in a fruitless effort to re-establish an ally. There is only one warning necessary for those who hide behind this comforting belief, and that is the fate of China. China was supported and supported without stint so long as the American people thought it could form a country with democratic principles and of value to the world. Once that became in American eyes impossible of achievement they did not hesitate to cut their commitments with the result that is apparent to all to-day.

Of the terms of trade little can be said,

since most of the world still conducts its affairs on a free basis. But it is very noticeable how raw materials, which we need for our basic exports, are now being sold to British manufacturers at a price higher than that ruling in world markets. Over all this figure might be as high as twenty-five per cent and it is bound to have a crippling effect on our exports. When the Treasury was recently tackled on this question the only reply they could give was that they hoped to reduce prices to world level but could give no date for so doing. This result of bulk buying is probably its greatest condemnation, since it shows how impossible it is on this basis for an industrial exporting country to secure the materials which it wants when it wants at the right price, and of how consistently Government agencies manage to buy too much, too late and at the wrong price.

ONE of the Socialists greatest claims is that we have full employment. But this employment rests to quite an appreciable extent on the fact that cost does not matter. If we have to reduce our prices because of a crisis there is bound to be in the resultant upheaval severe unemployment. And it is difficult to see how this can be avoided because of the ever-narrowing range of profitable countries to which we can export our goods. Much has been said of possible slumps abroad, but it is well to remember that any slump abroad, particularly in a hard currency area, will affect us as vitally as a slump at home. Not only will we be unable to reduce the cost of the raw materials we need to that of the hard currency areas but they, because of their power over us, will be able to ask for such large inroads upon our markets that we would be undersold and possibly even eliminated.

Another great claim of the Socialists is contained in the ever-increasing quantity and value of exports. But it is a truism to say that exports only mean something if they earn, either directly or indirectly through the validity of the currency of the country to which they are sent, something for us in return. The increase of exports has largely been achieved through an increase to soft currency countries, where it is difficult to see how any adequate return can be made, since most of their currencies are not easily convertible in markets where we wish to buy. Equally, demands of a considerable size continue to be made by countries holding sterling balances for releases from these balances, which are then used by the countries concerned to buy our exports. In such cases no return whatsoever is made to this country. Many questions have been asked of the Government of how far they are ensuring that such unrequited exports do not occur. No satisfactory answer has been received. Figures, however, contained in Trade and Navigation show that they must be considerable.

Another source of loss is through the extremes to which the Government have pressed their bilateral policy of trade. Originally after the war bilateralism was confined to the movement of currency. Now it is further confined, so that as far as possible each bilateral pact represents a barter agreement. Such a structure has many dangers of which a very good example is in the recent Anglo-Portugese Trade negotiations. Here we had a bilateral pact and one which showed this country a creditor. But the rest of the sterling area made purchases to such an extent in Portugal that our credit was turned into a deficit and we had to pay Gold in order to satisfy the terms of the Agreement.

THE Budget has raised one other final problem: the problem of devaluation. The problem is usually stated that whilst devaluation would cheapen our exports and thus enable us to compete more easily in hard currency markets, it would equally increase the cost of our imports and thus cost us more hard currency. But such a simple statement is not accurate. In the first place an increase of our exports is problematical. The last two years have shown time and time again how countries where they are faced with a possible influx of goods have immediately offset any advantage an exporter may have by reducing quotas or increasing tariffs. On the other hand, it is certain that any devaluation would make

our position for buying foodstuffs and raw materials immediately worse. But the problem is not confined to this simple issue. The basic condition of Marshall Aid is that by 1952 the currencies of those countries receiving the Aid shall become convertible, and that the countries concerned will accept multilateral trade with all to which that word commits them. Already there is considerable American pressure in the second year of Marshall Aid to see that the countries concerned move towards those principles, and it is announced in the Press that a study is now being made by the Americans in conjunction with the European countries, to see which currencies should be devalued. There is also a fear amongst American importers that if they buy from England, the goods that they will obtain will be bought at a price which if they had delayed their purchase for a few months would by devaluation be reduced. It is very necessary to offset these fears since they are stopping the vital task of 1949, which is to improve our earning of dollars. This could be met by a guarantee by such a body as the Export Control Guarantees Department, that the Government will ensure that should a devaluation take place the American importer will not be penalized between the time he orders the goods and the time they arrive. Such would cost the country nothing for it is the expressed determination of Sir Stafford Cripps not to devalue and would do much to improve our export possibilities.

It is difficult to sum up the Budget, apart from the generality that it is yet a further and clearer expression of Socialist hopelessness once they move from the realm of their own theories into the life of fact. Nothing has been achieved except remedying some of the grosser faults of Dr. Dalton. The country is set a task ever increasing in sternness but with ever less hope of finding salvation in its achievement. The simple rights of life are to be still rigidly confined and the simple pleasures of life still rigidly taxed. We can only re-assert our future by coming back to the principle that the individual is greater than the State, that his industry and enterprise builds the State and provides the wherewithal on which the State can run. At the moment our resources dwindle, our opportunities are curtailed, not through any lessening in the will to success, but in the pride of Socialism, which believes it is master of all it surveys. These last four years have shown the failure of Socialist economics and it is now up to the country to pass judgment.

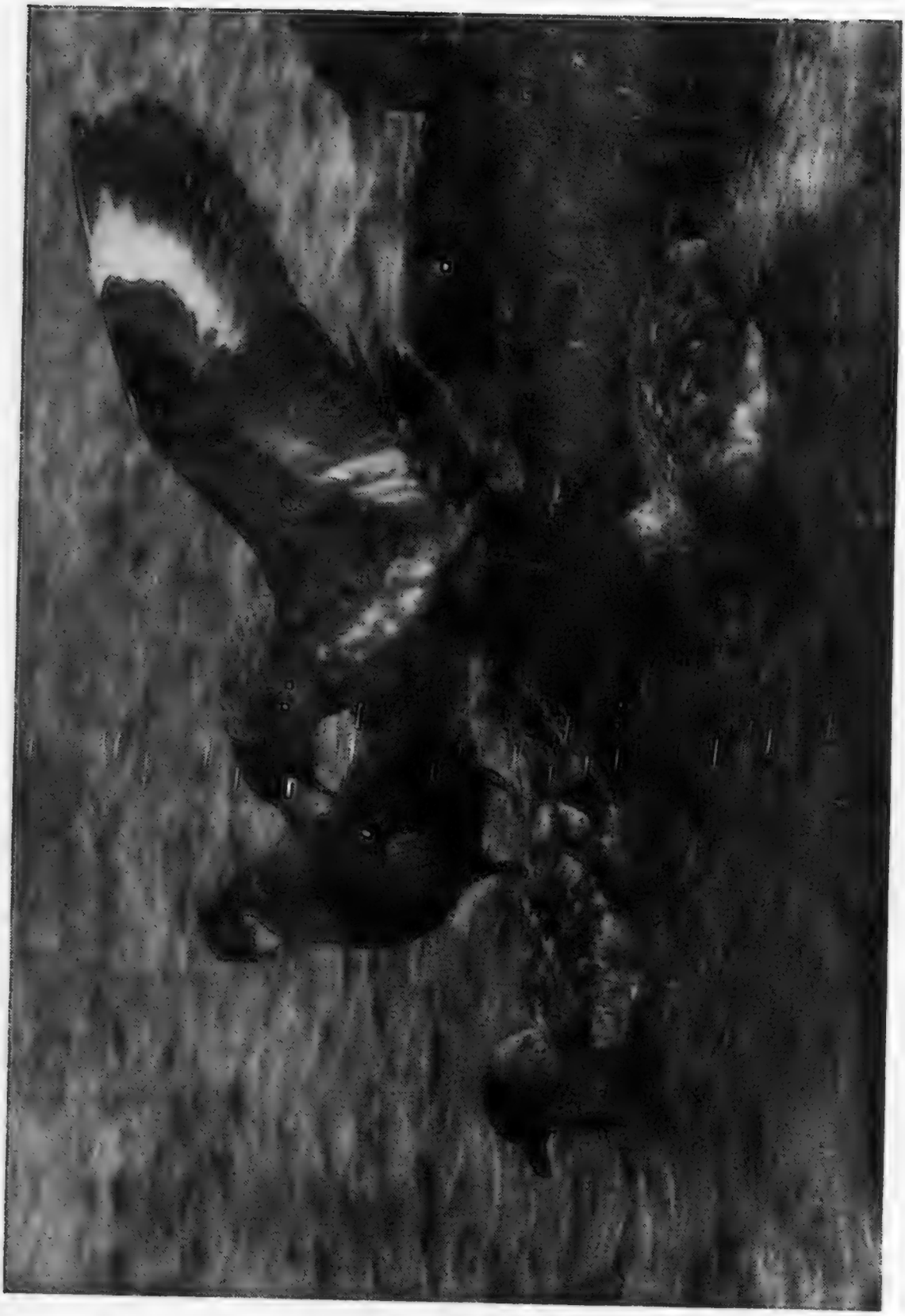
THE UNSEEN ROSE

YOU are unseen, unfelt, but who shall say
In this sweet night of thought that you are far away?
If you were near, it would not change this peace
Or break the living silence of my house
Where no sense stirs to tell me you are distant,
My soul content to wake for ever in love's night
Until I sleep for ever in love's day.

Oh world of separation
Where five wide deserts of the senses open
The infinite distances of hate and absence,
There you are to be sought, but seldom found,
Lord of all gardens and all mysteries,
All deserts' flower, and all waiting's end.

Trees, dazzle and shadow,
Striking gently across closed eyes wands of spring,
Almost persuade me that this passing moment
Is love's ever-longed-for here and now.
Almost I believe
That I could hold the world still in my heart,
Or that the heart of the still world is my rose.

KATHLEEN RAINE.



Bonxies excited at bathing pool

SIX MONTHS AT A COLONY OF GREAT SKUAS

By RICHARD PERRY

IN the spring and summer of 1946 I made a six month's study of 113 pairs of Great Skuas—or Bonxies, as they are known in Shetland—inhabiting the small island of Noss on the east side of Shetland. Outside Shetland the bonxie nested only on one or two of the Orkney islands, while its main breeding grounds were in Iceland, Faeroe and possibly Greenland. Shetland was probably a traditional nesting place, but up to the middle of the nineteenth century the bonxie had only survived in this northern outpost of Britain thanks to the protection it received on the Atlantic island of Foula and the most northerly Shetland island of Unst. At the beginning of this century, however, its increase was much accelerated, and it was able to establish itself in several other localities in Shetland, including Noss, where the first two pairs nested in 1910. On the latter island its initial increase was slow and there were still only a dozen pairs nesting in 1922. There was a big acceleration during the 'thirties, however, and by 1939 they were estimated to have increased to ninety or one hundred pairs.

In 1946 the first bonxies returned to Noss, from their Atlantic wanderings, on April 6th, and each pair proceeded to appropriate as its own special headquarters a grassy mound raised somewhat above the surrounding heather and bog. On these mounds they would stand or sit for long periods, preening or sleeping, and do no more than glower balefully at me when I walked among them, not troubling to take wing until I approached to within thirty feet. Green oases in the surrounding moor, it was evident that these territorial mounds had been used year after year, and that their owners' trampling feet, together with guano in the form of excreta, castings and fishbones, had eradicated the heather and coarser herbage and had trodden out and fertilized these smooth green mounds of grass and moss, which were a few feet or yards in diameter and mainly circular in outline. The determining factor in their origins was no doubt that, being in the first place slight eminences, they provided commanding viewpoints and were thus the obvious standing places within a nesting territory. Psychologically, they were the hubs of territories. Physically, they were mainly rest and digestive places, and most bore both castings and the bleached wings and feathers of kittiwakes, which were the bonxies' staple food-supply during much of their six-month residence on Noss. These mounds enabled me to allot peg-numbers to each pair, and I found that the average distance between occupied mounds was fifty-eight yards, with a minimum distance of only fifteen yards in congested colonies and of one hundred and thirty yards in sparsely populated areas.

FOR three weeks the bonxies, daily increasing, spent much of their time quietly on their mounds, though at intervals they would launch their heavy torpedo-shaped bodies on to broad pinions, to circle above their territories or play and scrap in swift, hurtling flight high over the island. From time to time one would make away to the cliffs to hunt kittiwakes, knocking them down, as whole colonies of the latter "shoaled" off the cliffs, and standing on them in the water, tearing them to pieces. Others would harry the gulls over the adjacent island of Bressay and Lerwick harbour, buffeting them and forcing them to disgorge their cropfuls of undigested fish, which the bonxies would then neatly retrieve in mid-air, though often unsuccessful in doing this before the morsel was snapped up by other gulls or bonxies.

In the closing days of April, however, one pair of bonxies began to attack me, either approaching me head-on, just above the

ground, and zooming up with the buoyant lift of a fighter-plane a split second before crashing into my face, or swooping down on me from the steep slope of the hill above. I knew then that egg-laying was about to begin, for it was customary for the bonxies to begin mobbing intruders on their nesting grounds a day or two before the first egg was laid. Even at this early stage their attacks might be very savage, the aggressor doing everything but actually strike me, and the female of one pair, indeed, twice smacked me hard on the ear with swinging feet, before I moved off her mound, on the day that she laid her second egg. There was much individual variation in the intensity and severity of their attacks, and where three or four pairs were nesting close together a savage pair would so dominate the others that the latter would attack me only diffidently or not at all.

THERE was variation, too, in their reactions to the various types of intruders on the breeding grounds. Dogs were hounded mercilessly from one territory to another, with audible swinging smacks on head or back, and the presence of a dog drew off most of the attacks from the accompanying human; while a sheep and her lamb might pass at one time right through a colony of incubating bonxies without incident, and on a subsequent occasion the ewe would be attacked when almost treading on a bonxie's eggs. In the latter event, however, the sheep was not struck with the feet —the bonxie's normal striking instrument when mobbing—but the latter would jump up and down, pecking at the ewe's face or hover over her back pecking at her fleece, until she moved on.

There was something eagle-like about these bonxies

As the eggs became hard-set, so the bonxie's attacks became more severe, reaching their maximum severity during the first ten days after the nestlings hatched. Some pairs would then strike me about the head and face so determinedly, incessantly and painfully that it was beyond human endurance to stay in the vicinity of their nests—

which might be up to forty yards from their mounds—for more than a few seconds at a time. Only one who has worked *alone* on a bonxie nesting ground, without companions or dogs, has any conception of the potential severity of their attacks. When two or more persons were on the grounds together, the concentrated mobbing of a solitary observer was dissipated and might, indeed, never materialize.

WHILE the initial attacks, and also the majority, were normally head-on, the bonxie might subsequently attack from the rear and also from the sides. The actual attempt to strike was clearly and invariably made with a three-quarter swing down of the feet at the moment of the lowest trajectory of the stoop. It was not, however, the spectacular long-range aeronautists that were the severest smackers, but those that hovered almost motionless, with particularly brazen impudence, just above my head, dropped their legs, and deliberately struck with swinging feet. Previously, I had been inclined to scoff at tales of strangers to Noss beating a hasty retreat from the bonxie grounds, but I did so no longer.

As the incubation period proved to be between twenty-eight and thirty-two days, it was at the very end of May that one foggy afternoon I heard a cheeping from the nest of one of my most persistent tormentors and there, just free of its golden-brown shell, was a wet dark-purplish nestling. The other egg was still intact, though the embryo cheeped from within the shell, as it might be heard doing from the hour it first fractured the shell, which might be as much as eighty-five hours before it finally broke free. Three-quarters of an hour after hatching, the chick's eyes were fully open, though it might be half a day or upwards of twenty-four hours before a chick had dried off into a beautiful fine-haired down. At this age the nestling would snap at me with its hooked, though diminutive, beak and scream when handled, following me a little way when I moved from the nest. The dominant impulse of every skua nestling was to get out of the round of bents and sphagnum-moss that served it for a nest at the earliest possible moment; and, three days after hatching, the two chicks of a brood were not only never to be found in the nest, but were never to be found together out of the nest. I would find them sheltering against tussocks several yards a part, or sitting in pools of water or on clumps of wet *sphagna*. As early as the tenth day they might begin to wander scores of yards from the nest and might be seen scuttling for cover, their pale fawn down rendering them most conspicuous against the green hill: emerging again on those somewhat infrequent occasions when a parent alighted on its mound to disgorge a headless herring or young coal-fish.

AT the end of the third week, when they had lost most of their down, the chicks at last began to associate together, and a pair of these monsters might be found crouching side by side with their heads stuck, ostrich-like, into a peat bank. A week later almost full fledging plumage had been attained, and a peck from their great bills would draw blood from my fingers, though most of them sat quietly when I handled them, occasionally vomiting up an undigested fish. It gave me much pleasure to sit beside these fine young bonxies, whose fortunes I had followed for more than two months, while they observed me calmly with their clear brown eyes. Sheathed in a smooth copper-brown mail on the belly, the majority were dark-brown on the back with heavy copper links, though a few were an especially handsome almost uniform black on the upper parts.

At five weeks old these giants seemed perfectly plumaged for flight, but when I threw one up into the air it made no effort to fly. The days passed, and still these enormous "chicks" refused to fly, but just sat sluggishly in hollows or drains, or in the pools; and it was not until the middle of July that I saw my first young bonxie on the wing, on the forty-sixth day after it had hatched. Subsequently, some of them fledged as early as the forty-second day, others not until the fifty-sixth day. Some were able to take off the ground into immediate flight: others could only just lift themselves clear and would scuttle along the ground in between flights.

You would see the parents dropping lightly on to the backs of those fledglings that were strong on the wing, shepherding them back to their territories and forcing them down to the ground.

EARLY in August when, for the first time, some parents were temporarily deserting young birds between seven and ten weeks old, a new sound was to be heard on Noss—a reedy rippling cry, not unlike the skirling of a curlew, the hunger-cry of those deserted; but between three and four weeks after their first flight some young ones, together with their parents, disappeared. Yet none of the fledglings had previously been seen to fly farther than a few hundred yards from their nesting territories.

The 113 pairs of bonxies had laid between 219 and 223 eggs, of which 155 had hatched. 114 of the nestlings successfully fledged, but there were a few casualties after fledging, and the number of young ones finally leaving the Island was less than 111, or almost one young per nesting pair—a satisfactory figure taking into consideration the fact that the bonxie was probably a long-lived bird, attaining to the age of twenty-four years in captivity.

WHEN I left Noss on 15th September, only a score of bonxies, old and young, remained on the Island. Among these were the faithful parents of a crippled fledgling, now fourteen weeks old. As early as 7th August, this bird, then nine weeks old, had broken its right wing: but its parents had continued to bring food to it for more than six weeks beyond the normal period. Presumably, however, they would desert it early in October, when the rest of the bonxies left the Island. Thereafter, we can only conjecture as to its fate and as to that of the other fledglings. But though the latter had now passed out of my immediate ken, they were still bound to me by a link, for I had ringed more than one hundred of them with numbered aluminium bands on their legs; and in the following New Year I received news from the British Museum—the address on the rings—that one of my fledglings had alighted, exhausted, on a French fishing-smack off Nieuport, West Flanders, on 6th January. The skipper unfortunately took it home with him, and it died the next day, seven months from the day it had hatched. No further recoveries have come to hand, but before this article appears in print I shall be on my way to Noss once more, to find out if any of its fellows, now celebrating their third birthdays, have returned to Noss.* I shall be surprised if they have, for I do not expect them to return until they are four or five years old.

* They had not.

BEAUTIFUL WORDS

By CLIFFORD BAX

FOR some years in my early life I was eager to write plays in verse that should also be theatre-worthy, and to some extent I was influenced by the beauty and the success of two plays by Stephen Phillips which I saw and heard when I was sixteen. About fifteen years later, soon after the death of Beerbohm Tree, who had played the title-part in Phillips's *Ulysses*, I lunched with William Archer at the Reform Club, and he surprised me by saying, "Well, anyway you won't have to watch your plays produced by Tree". I felt, on the contrary, that the death of this witty and lavish actor-manager had probably obliterated my last chance of writing in blank verse for the London theatre; and indeed, except for *The Virgin Goddess*, a stately and forgotten work by Rudolf Besier, there has been no successful verse-drama presented in the West End since the hey-day of Phillips.

Our talk at that luncheon came naturally to the astonishing triumphs of Stephen Phillips for whom my admiration had never declined. Had not Archer, a cautious and much-honoured critic, said of him "He sees clearly, feels intensely, and writes beautifully; in a word, he is a true poet"? Had he not also written of *Paolo and Francesca* "Mr. Phillips has achieved the impossible. Sardou could not have ordered the action more skilfully. Tennyson could not have clothed the passion in words of purer loveliness"; and of "Herod" that we hear "the elder Dumas speaking with the voice of Milton"? Moreover, *The Spectator* considered that

> "The red-gold cataract of her streaming hair
> Is tumbled o'er the boundaries of the world"

was "an image worthy of Marlowe, of whom we are again and again reminded". James Douglas roundly exclaimed "Mr. Stephen Phillips is the greatest poetic dramatist we have had since Elizabethan times", and the august *Athenæum* declared that "Herod" was "not unworthy of the author of *The Duchess of Malfi*".

Such praise from the newspapers had not been heard since the emergence of Alexander Smith in the eighteen-sixties, and it is of much literary interest that to most people both Phillips and Smith now seem to have been rockets of which only the meagre sticks remain, but there is charm and style in Smith's essays and there is so much merit in Phillips's earlier plays that they may well come forth again from under the drifting sands of fashion. I was eager to learn what I could concerning the poet, and I recall that Phillips, according to Archer usually sat silent and melancholy at rehearsals. One day, however, while he was watching *Ulysses* he became slightly restive and presently Mrs. Brown-Potter, then a famous beauty, came to the footlights and cried out "Mr. Phillips, you do not conceal your contempt for my acting". To this the poet replied: "Really, madam? I thought I did."

BOLD images and resounding phrases were the aim and the joy alike of Marlowe and of Phillips. They relished the potential magnificence of our language and wrote for the mind's ear that would savour fine words as an expert savours his wine. Now, to me it seems manifest that since the outbreak of the First German War we have mysteriously lost our sense of verbal music. It may even be significant that Mr. T. S. Eliot should have set a fashion for despising first Milton and then Shelley, both of them poets who had an exceptional sense of musical English. Indeed, Milton's visual imagination was not nearly so notable as his sense of sound. It may also be significant that few persons quote passages from Mr. Eliot or his disciples. Burne-Jones spoke of his first painting-master as having said of a picture "make it sing!"—and that is precisely what our typical poets to-day have apparently no wish to do. Nevertheless, beauty of sound contributes at least half the magic of memorable verse.

BEAUTIFUL WORDS

No man of the many whom I have known has had a keener delight in word-music than that gallant little scallywag (his own description), that infuriating theatre-manager and that gayest of companions, Leon M. Lion. He would literally smack his lips over a line from Shakespeare or from Omar. There was a time, too, when Alan Dent, the dramatic critic, believed that he could divine much about anyone by asking them to name their three favourite words. Lion's choice of "mephitic, inspissated, burgundian" did indeed suggest his fantastic and almost bizarre mind. On the first anniversary of his death a number of old friends convened at a commemorative dinner, some of them surprised that the occasion had no tinge of melancholy and most of them silently endorsing an epitaph which was then spoken by one of the guests:—

His gaiety, his courage,
No man could praise enough,
And death's a grievous tax
Life levies on all love:
But interrupt your sorrow—
We should have cause to mourn,
A deeper cause than now,
If he had not been born.

I WISH he were here on the other side of my fireplace so that we might talk together about the beauty of words. *Steel* and *iron* (if we pronounce the "r") surprisingly suggest the characteristics of those metals, and there is a ringing sound in *gold*, *silver* and *bronze*. Nearly all precious and semi-precious stones or substances have been lucky in their names. Consider *opal*, *diamond*, *lapis lazuli*, *emerald*, *pearl*, *ruby*, *chalcedony*, *onyx*, *moonstone* and *amethyst*, —why, it is a wonder that girls are never christened Opal, Amethyst or Diamond. What sensitive bachelor could hold out against Miss Opal Trefusis, Miss Amethyst Ransome or the widow Mrs. Diamond Whitaker? Nobody forgets Mr. Noble Jones who has a shop in the Burlington Arcade, and it is obvious that Sapphire Smith would do much to distinguish her surname.

Or again, it seems that the grace of flowers has usually inspired delightful names as, for instance, *lily*, *rose*, *peony*, *daffodil*, *primrose*, *honeysuckle*, *oleander*, *chrysanthemum* and *jonquil*; and this is also true of wines—*port* which accidentally sounds full-bodied, *claret*, *moselle* and *burgundy*. They lead us at once to beautiful place-names such as *Firenze*, *Verona*, *Venezia*, *Taormina*, *Palermo*, *Tahiti*, *Samoa*. *Manchester* and *Glasgow* may be grimy names but there is a time-defying solidity in the sound of *London*. Which are the most attractive month-names? Perhaps *April*, *June* and *October*: and where is there a more shimmering and flame-like personal name than *Semiramis*?

A GREAT poet combines depth of meaning with enchantment of sound. No one would call Edgar Allen Poe a great poet but he is among the most original of writers and this originality is strikingly shown in his persistent attempt to use English as a musical instrument even if the meaning of his lines is negligible. Ernest Dowson admired the words:—

"A frieze where intertwine
The viol, the violet and the vine,"

and everybody becomes early acquainted with that verbal *tour de force* "The Bells". Occasionally Poe mixed music with adequate meaning as in

"The silken, sad, uncertain rustling of each purple curtain"

but more often he manipulated words for their sound alone. For example:—

"Came up through the lair of the Lion
With love in her luminous eyes,"

or

"At the end of our path a liquescent
And nebulous lustre was born,
Out of which a miraculous crescent
Arose with a duplicate horn—
Astarte's bediamonded crescent
Distinct with its duplicate horn."

where "bediamonded" and "distinct" are like flashes of clear light in the "nebulous lustre" of labials. These effects, however, are so near to nonsense that they may remind the reader of Edward Lear. There is more nourishment to be gained from Carducci's description of an ox,

"O che solenne come un monumento
Tu guardi i campi liberi e fecondi"

or in that line, justly famous,

"The moan of doves in immemorial elms."

LITERARY critics at the beginning of our violent century may have been as intelligent as their modern successors. They had the advantage of living in a period when closer attention was accorded to new books. In 1902, for instance, a popular magazine printed an article in which Stephen Phillips's slight innovations in blank verse were minutely examined. What, then, is the secret of his collapse? The turbulence, the lack of serenity, the avoidance of rounded beauty in most contemporary art seem to be symptomatic of an unhappy age, but there is no need to pretend that these defects are virtues. We might as foolishly pretend that we prefer living in bomb-shattered cities. Many years may go by before people are serene enough to appreciate once more the work of a poet-dramatist who is now despised and neglected, but at least we can try to understand the tremendous plaudits of responsible critics when Stephen Phillips gained so sudden a renown.

It is impossible to demonstrate his power as a dramatist to readers who have not a clear memory of his plays. We can, however, see for ourselves whether his lines were at once dramatic and poetic. Consider *Herod*, a play constructed when his genius was waning: consider the speech of the King after he has murdered his wife's young brother . . .

"Mariamne, there's no help—we can but give
Honour, and he in such magnificence
Shall lie—Mariamne, hear you?—that his tomb
Shall with its golden glory lure strange sails."

Later in the play, Herod, seeking to forget his guilt, exclaims:—

"Now let anvils clang,
Melodious axes ring through Lebanon;
Masons let me behold so far aloft
They crawl like flies, ant-like artificers,
Swarming with tiny loads, and labourers
Hither and thither murmuring like bees."

Or where in the modern theatre, until the poet Christopher Fry reinvigorated our stage-language, could we find a passage more tempting to an actor than:—

"Am I that Herod
Who builded yonder amphitheatre
Rivalling Rome? Who lured into these ports
Wealth of the world; a Temple have conceived
That shall dispyramid the Egyptian Kings?"

As for the final scene in this play, it is such superb "theatre" that any Elizabethan dramatist would have exulted to conceive it. Appalled by the effect of his actions, Herod is stricken into a cataleptic trance, and here Phillips, with his usual sense of the stage, does not ring down the curtain but prolongs the scene for exactly enough time to give the audience a full realization of the horror in the rigid posture of his principal actor.

EVEN in a yet later play and one, I think, which failed—*Nero*—there are passages to rejoice a lover of words; for example, Acte's description of the ruling favourite, Poppaea:—

"Her voice
Comes running on the ear like a rivulet;
Yet if you hearken, you shall hear behind
The breaking of a sea whose waves are souls
That break upon a human-crying beach.
Ever she smileth, yet hath never smiled,
And in her lovely laughter is no joy.
Yet none hath fairer strayed into the world
Or wandered with more witchery through the air
Since she who drew the dreaming keels of Greece
After her over the Ionian foam."

We do not hear such sentences in our theatres to-day, nor do we catch so charming a phrase as:—"the lily-swinging bee"

or

"This amorous, odorous isle of violets
That hangs, all leaves, over the glassy sea."

These words are from *Ulysses*, but it is in *Paolo and Francesca* that we find Phillips at his finest. Was William Archer, a sound Scot, completely hoodwinked? After all, he was a champion of realism, an early translator of Ibsen, and not likely to overpraise romantic drama. Here is a play which may well be better than the best Otway and, if so, James Douglas did not exaggerate. No Elizabethan would have been ashamed to let a childless woman cry out:—

"It is such souls as mine that go to swell
The childless cavern-cry of the barren sea,
Or make that human ending to night-wind."

Or listen to the young Paolo bargaining with the chemist for a death-draught:—

"Old man, there is within this purse a calm
Decline for thee to death, and quiet hours.
Take it, and give me in exchange some drug
That can fetch down on us the eternal sleep,
Anticipating the slow mind of God . . .

and

"Think you the old would die?
At any cost they would prolong the light.
'Tis we, in whose pure blood the fever takes,
Newly inoculate with violent life,
'Tis we who are so mad to die."

AGAIN, let us listen to two short speeches from Francesca, the first of them spoken to her maid:—

"O Nita, when we women sin, 'tis not
By art, it is not easy, it is not light;
It is an agony shot through with bliss:
We sway and rock and suffer ere we fall."

and the second:—

"Now all the world is at her failing hour,
And at her faintest; now the pulse is low.
Now the tide turns, and now the soul goes home,
And I to Paolo am fainting back."

In our time a poet here and there may contribute a verse-play to some outlying theatre, but if play-writing is the most difficult form of literature and if a play in verse is the rarest of successes we may well ponder the fact that Phillips captured the West End for high-flying poetry and never forgot that a play must progress. It seems unlikely that fashion can eclipse a man who achieved so astonishing a victory. I understand that Wagner, Elgar, Tchaikovski and Chopin make no emotional effect upon many young musicians; but my guess is that Phillips will someday stand securely at some distance above Otway.

CHURCH AND STATE IN ENGLAND

By T. E. UTLEY*

AT Whitsuntide four hundred years ago the first complete liturgy in English was brought into use throughout the country by order of the Protector Somerset, and by virtue of the First Act of Uniformity, which had received the Royal Assent on 15th January. It is proper that the event should be commemorated throughout the Anglican communion, for the 1549 liturgy is the source of all later Anglican Prayer Books. To many outsiders, however, the anniversary will suggest reflections on a problem which, with varying degrees of urgency, is present throughout the whole of Europe to-day, and with which the Church of England is seriously preoccupied. To call it the problem of Church and State is misleading, since the meaning of both words is apt to depend on the opinions of those who employ them. Roughly defined, the question at issue is where organized Christianity should stand in relation to secular governments, and, what is no less important, what attitude secular governments ought in their own interests to adopt towards organized Christianity.

Medieval political thinkers were dominated by the conception of Christendom as a single unit, destined to expand until it embraced the whole of mankind. Within this unit there were lesser organisms, kingdoms, baronies, villages, secular and ecclesiastical corporations, each with its appointed privileges and functions, but all stemming from a single source, the sovereignty of God, and all existing by virtue of his will. However deeply the great medieval publicists differed about other things, they all clung fast to this conception of unity. Alongside it, however, they harboured the idea of a permanent and discoverable division between the spiritual and temporal aspects of society. It was common ground that both the unity of Christendom and the difference between the spiritual and the temporal should be visibly expressed in institutions. The Holy Roman Emperor was the supreme lord of Christendom in its temporal aspect, the Pope its sovereign in spiritual affairs. The relations between them were thus an obvious source of dispute.

WHILE this dispute was in progress, however, the power of both papacy and empire was being challenged in more practical ways by the power of the rising national monarchies of Europe. In practice the Church in England or in France did not look for support to the Emperor but was obliged to depend either on the King or on the Pope. English Kings throughout the middle ages had shared with Popes the power of appointing bishops, who were, of course, great feudal lords and royal counsellors, as well as holders of spiritual office. They supervised and sometimes suppressed monastic establishments and had in general behaved towards the Church in the same high-handed manner as other temporal potentates. Nevertheless when Henry VIII repudiated the Papal Supremacy he made a decisive breach with the immediate past. His conduct was recognized by Christian Europe as a scandal and a revolution, and even the most ardent of apologists for the English Reformation were obliged to defend it as a counter-revolution. Paradoxically his assumption of Royal Supremacy was far less revolutionary, if only because it was impossible to say exactly what it meant. Only at the end of his trial, and after he had resolutely refused to swear to the Act of Succession, did Sir Thomas More confess that in all his reading he could find no precedent for the Act of Supremacy.

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* *Mr. T. E. Utley is the author of* Essays in Conservatism

It was not until Hooker wrote his *Ecclesiastical Polity* that anything like a consistent theory of Anglican Church government appeared. Hooker claimed sovereignty for the monarch in both religious and secular affairs not on grounds of divine right, scripture or even universal reason, but on grounds of expediency. The King as head of the nation, should decide the respective parts to be played by laymen and clergy in its government. He was arbiter between contending jurisdictions. He should protect the Church, and, when dissension broke out among its members, compose their differences. He exerted his power, according to Hooker, through traditional organs, whose independence he was obliged to respect, although it was he who determined its limits. Convocation and Parliament were both competent to legislate on ecclesiastical affairs, since Parliament included bishops, and it was for the King to decide which institution should be employed on any given occasion.

In general the function of Parliament in Church affairs was to enforce the doctrinal and ceremonial system hammered out by the King, if not in Convocation then at least in informal consultation with such bishops as could be induced to co-operate. The line of demarcation was necessarily indistinct, and Parliament sometimes trespassed into the realms of pure theology, but the government of the Church of England was still conceived as royal and episcopal, not as democratic and lay.

IT is plain that this arrangement would lose much of its meaning if the King ceased to be independent and capable of using his own discretion, or at least of availing himself of the discretion of advisers who were dependent neither on Parliament nor on Convocation. The assertion of Parliament Supremacy in the seventeenth century very nearly dealt a death-blow to the Anglican Church settlement. That it did not must be attributed to two main causes. First, the popular revulsion against Cromwellian despotism greatly increased the prestige of the Church of England, and by 1688 it was apparent that the English clergy held the balance between King and Parliament. Parliament was still composed exclusively of professing Anglicans, and the House of Lords, in which the bishops sat, was still an effective brake on the Commons. Secondly, the form of worship embodied in the Book of Common Prayer succeeded in satisfying the consciences of the majority of Englishmen for three hundred years. The Methodist secession was the only serious loss which the Church sustained, and it was not until the rise of the Anglo-Catholic movement that Church unity was again gravely threatened.

That movement was itself a response to the challenge of secular liberalism. By this time the medieval theory that Church and State were different sides of the same thing was ceasing to be tenable. The doctrine that the State must rest on a fundamental unity of belief among its subjects was being discarded, and the view was arising that its function was merely to enforce the rules of civilized debate. By the beginning of the twentieth century the supremacy of the Commons over the Lords was clearly established, and the Commons was largely composed of atheists, agnostics and nonconformists. The absurd paradox had arisen by which supreme power over the Church of England was vested in an assembly to which almost anyone except an Anglican clergyman could belong.

This state of affairs was partly remedied in 1919, when the Church Assembly, consisting of both Houses of both Convocations and a House of Laity, was recognized as the legislative assembly of the Church of England. Parliament, however, retained its right to veto the Assembly's decisions, though not to amend them, and this right was used to prevent the introduction of a revised Book of Common Prayer in 1928. The revised Book, which embodied several concessions to the Anglo-Catholic movement, was generally held to be the last hope of securing uniformity of worship within the Church, and its rejection led to an almost complete breakdown of liturgical discipline. The State has effectively prevented reform without being able to enforce the authorized services. For twenty years matters have remained in this unsatisfactory state, but the controversy

has now been revived by the appointment, at the instance of the Church Assembly, of a Commission to examine the problem of Church and State. It is almost certain to recommend the abolition of the parliamentary veto on ecclesiastical legislation and of the powers of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council over ecclesiastical disputes. This body has had final appellate jurisdiction in ecclesiastical cases since the abolition of the Elizabethan Court of High Commission.

WHETHER or not the concession of these demands would in fact be compatible with the Church of England's status as an Established Church, and whether, if it were disestablished, it would be allowed to keep its endowments, are questions which must concern the least worldly of churchmen. In the long run, however, they may be less important than the more fundamental question of whether Anglicanism as a faith can survive the dissolution of the ancient bonds between Church and State in England. It is true that the Presbyterian Church of Scotland has long enjoyed all the rights claimed by Anglicans, and even so has remained established, but in fact there is no parallel between the two cases. The truth is that the Royal Supremacy is an essential part of church government in England, while it is not in Scotland. Without it the English Reformation would have been impossible and the Elizabethan Church Settlement could never have been maintained. The Anglican Reformation was to a large extent the work of politicians who, while claiming no special inspiration in matters of theology, regarded it as their business to keep the peace between contending factions in the Church. Their object which was brilliantly attained, was to comprehend within the limits of one church a wide variety of theological opinion on the basis of a uniform system of worship.

The great contribution of the Anglican Reformation to religious thought is its insistence on the doctrine that the Christian faith consists largely of mysteries which are incapable of exact definition, or at least are capable of a variety of definitions, all of which embody some aspect of the truth. What matters, therefore, from an Anglican point of view is not primarily that churchmen should all subscribe to the same verbal formulae but that all should express their beliefs in the same devotions. This emphasis on worship rather than on theology is the essence of Anglicanism, but it is due to the diplomacy of Elizabethan statesmen even more than to the thinking of Elizabethan divines. It is arguable that once the Crown abandoned the rôle of peacemaker in the Anglican Church, that Church, which in its very nature is subject to internal tension, would either disintegrate or develop a sectarian exclusiveness alien to its genius. For example, the royal power of appointing bishops, though in the hands of some Prime Ministers it has produced conspicuous disasters, has also helped to maintain that balance between high and low churchmanship which is essential to the Anglican settlement. Similarly, although the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council is plainly not a suitable court for the trial of ecclesiastical cases, and has in fact helped to perpetuate grave heresy within the Church, it has also discouraged the practice of professional heresy-hunting. Anglicanism may have started as a political compromise, but it has become a faith. Its distinctive characteristics are largely due to the special form of Church government which has existed in England since the Reformation. It is dangerous to suppose that that form of government can be fundamentally changed without affecting the character of Anglicanism.

FROM the State's point of view the decision which it must now take in relation to the Church is scarcely less critical. All the facts must tempt it to abandon the medieval doctrine of the unity of Christian society in its spiritual and temporal aspects and to accept the liberal doctrine of political impartiality. Yet if there is one thing which the history of the last half-century has proved it is that the negative State is impossible. It is common ground among the most progressive thinkers that "democracy needs a faith", and the only meaning which this platitude can have is that the democratic State, even if it does not enforce conformity

of religious belief, must try to bias its subjects in favour of at least some doctrines about life. The "Social-Democracies" of Eastern Europe are enforcing a secular ideology as the basis of political unity. In the West that basis was for centuries supplied by the Church. Establishment is the one means left open to democracies of bestowing the mark of approval on the Church. Since all the Churches in any State cannot be established, that which is most representative of the nation's religious complexion must be chosen, and the Church of England, as Professor Brogan has pointed out, still has the distinction of being the Church which the majority of Englishmen do not attend. If it is to be required to sanctify the State and to help to provide the motive power for democracy, it will make its own terms, and these terms will be a larger measure of freedom than it at present enjoys.

It remains to be seen whether any compromise can be found by which the maintenance of Establishment and endowment will be reconciled with the liberty of the Church. It may be that the key to the problem is to be found in the fact, too often forgotten, that the Anglican Church is the Established Church not of Britain but of England. It is significant that the 1928 Prayer Book was accepted by the majority of members for English constituencies, but turned out by the votes of Welshmen and Scots. If Parliament could delegate some of its ecclesiastical powers to a commission consisting of the M.P.s for English constituencies and the English peers, and if a special Court of Appeal for ecclesiastical disputes, consisting, like the Court of High Commission, partly of laymen and partly of clergymen, were appointed to exercise the ecclesiastical jurisdiction now vested in the Privy Council, a settlement might be reached on terms acceptable to the Church. It must be confessed, however, that this settlement would rest on a theory of Church and State which has been out of date for the best part of a century, and it is hard to imagine it being received by the majority of the electorate with comprehension, let alone enthusiasm. The most probable development is the gradual conversion of the Church of England into a Church unencumbered and unprotected by the secular arm. This may have, at least for a while, serious dangers for Anglicanism, and it would be a bold man who would be certain that the State, cut off from its traditional sources of inspiration, will not find others, far more hostile to freedom, to replace them.

Short Story

A BREACH OF PROMISE

By R. K. NARAYAN

SANKAR was candidate 3,131 in the Lower Secondary Examination and he clearly saw this number on a typed sheet, announcing the results, pasted on the weather-beaten doors of the Government Middle School. That meant he would pass on to a High School now. He was slightly dizzy with joy.

He shuddered at the recollection of the same scene the year before when he had looked at the notices and found his number missing. He had thought he would never survive the failure and sit for another examination. Two of his closest friends had also passed this year, having failed with him the previous year. For them life had now acquired a new richness. There was a ring of joy in their voices and overflowing good-fellowship in every word they uttered to each other.

Sankar invited his friends to share with him a happy evening and went home to announce his success. He dinned the happy news into the ears of every person in the house, from his father down to the cook. He demanded from his mother five rupees as a reward for passing the examination, and went out.

He joined his friends. Their success was celebrated in a fitting manner. They first went to a restaurant, dragged chairs noisily about, thumped and roared and guffawed, and ate everything that the waiter suggested. They stayed in the restaurant till about six and then went to the Gaiety House, which was presenting to the public of Mysore the masterpiece *Blue and Black*. Sankar and his friends sat in the four-anna seats. When Georgie Lomb knitted his brow and said huskily to Vivian Troilet, "Three years ago you did not want me; now I don't want you," the boys nodded approvingly, but it was more from habit than from a full appreciation of Georgie Lomb's talent. For even Georgie Lomb occupied only a secondary place to the Lower Secondary results. The glow of success made the lights of ordinary life a little dim.

Next morning they met at four and started for the temple on the hill. It was by the grace of Goddess Chamundi that they had passed the examination and they must take offerings to her.

It was still dark when they reached the foot of the hill. All talk gradually ceased and their breathing became audible as they reached the two-hundredth step. They sat down for a while gazing at the twinkling lights of the City below. They rested till their breath came at more reasonable intervals and less noisily. Foot by foot they dragged themselves up a thousand steps—rugged granite steps which have acquired smoothness with the tread of a million pilgrims. They reached the top. An old woman sitting behind a heap of coconuts beckoned to them, "Masters, won't you buy some offerings for the Goddess?" They stopped before her and bought coconuts, plantains, flowers and incense.

They entered the temple and circled the corridor thrice. A priest wrapped in a green shawl held a plate before them, and they placed their offerings on it. They followed the priest into the shrine. He broke the coconuts at the altar, lighted the camphor and held up the flame before the image of the Goddess.

The diamonds on the image sparkled in the camphor light. Sankar and his friends closed their eyes and murmured, "Mother, we have passed our examination through your grace. Bless us with success in all the examinations hereafter." The priest brought them the camphor flame on a plate; they touched it. They then received the holy water and the vermilion. Their coconuts and plantains, after they had been offered to the Goddess, were returned to them.

They went to the pillared hall outside and fell full-length on the floor before the Goddess. It was at this moment that a

dreadful memory returned to Sankar's mind: the previous year on the evening before the examination he had come to the temple and prayed for success. He had prostrated himself before the Goddess and vowed secretly that if she made him fail in the examination he would destroy himself. He did fail that year, was miserable for some time, and passed the examination this year. He might possibly have remembered his vow if two of his best friends had not failed with him, if if he had not gone away, after the results, to his sister's place for a month or two and spent a most exhilarating holiday there, and if he had not passed this year. Now as he lay before the Goddess he suddenly remembered his vow.

He rose and left the temple with his friends. His soul was troubled. A vow to God was a vow. Goddess Chamundi was not a mere idol but a living presence in the City. Did she not trample the evil demon *Mahisha* under her foot and tear his entrails out when he (as Sankar thought) defied her? Wherever one went in the city one saw the pictures of this Goddess, with her hair untied and her hands blood-covered, driving a spear into the body of the demon under her foot. She was not a Goddess to be trifled with.

The next thing to do was to enjoy the plantains and the coconuts they had offered to the Goddess. They repaired to a secluded spot on the hill, shelled the coconuts and peeled the plantains. Sankar received his share, laid it beside him, and suddenly got up, saying, "I shall go and get some jaggery. We cannot eat plain coconut."

He ran towards the temple and entered the First Portal. No one was about, and he hopped on to a stone platform on the right side of the portal and slipped into a cave-like room. It was the entrance to the tower of the temple. The tower, visible for miles around, started as the broad gate of the temple, and going up, pile on pile, ended in an immense carved Monster with a red lolling tongue and bulging eyes.

Sankar climbed an ancient ladder and reached a narrow room above. There was another ladder there and it led on to another room above. There were ten flights of ladders, the rooms becoming narrower and darker at every stage.

Sankar reached the topmost room. It was stifling and musty. Bats whirred about. A narrow beam of light came in through an aperture in the wall. He put his body through the aperture, rested his feet on some figures carved in relief on the outside of the tower, and reached the Monster on top. Its eyes were as big as his head. He could lie curled up in its mouth. Its red, lolling tongue was like a platform. Sankar sat on it. The world below him was a splash of sunlight. The plains, over a thousand feet below, looked like patches of grass. He looked down and said to himself that he would be unrecognizable when he reached the ground . . . He closed his eyes and prayed, "Great mother, now I shall jump off from here and thus fulfil my vow. Forgive me for the delay." He suspended his prayer, disturbed by a violent smarting at the elbow. He touched it. There was blood. Somewhere, probably while heaving himself up, he had skinned his elbow. It was raw. Blood was oozing. It smarted. He groaned. He prayed now, "Great mother, you must forgive me. I cannot throw myself down. Instead, for a year I will come here every Friday and offer two coconuts." He rose very carefully, held his breath, and climbed down, resting his feet on carved images. His legs trembled. A look below made his head reel. He reached the aperture, slid through it into the top room, and sat down for a moment and closed his eyes.

* * * *

The moment Sankar appeared, his friends cursed him for taking such a long time to return and demanded, "Where is the jaggery?" Sankar turned round without a word and ran at full speed towards the shop before the temple where jaggery was sold.

THE COLD WAR IN LATIN-AMERICA

By ARTHUR F. LOVEDAY

THE closer proximity of European countries, the multitude of important and startling political events, the menacing shadow of Russia have caused the Press to give preferential attention to European and U.S. news. The events of Latin-America, though increasingly important to the world, are seldom "news" or at all events are given little space in the news column of the daily Press.

But during the past year a great deal has been happening in the Latin-American Republics in the way of internal political disputes and international conflicts and agreements, many of them having a direct bearing on the great world-wide attack of the Soviets on western Christian civilization, a conflict—the cold war, in which most of them are already involved. They have found and find themselves attacked in their labour, political and cultural organizations by the identical Communist and Socialist policies and methods that were in evidence in Spain in the 1920's and 1930's and since that date in every country in the world. The Pan-American conferences at Rio in 1947 and in Bogotá in March/April 1948, linked the whole Western hemisphere together in a pact under which an attack against any one state is considered an attack against all, and set up common rules intended as defence against the Hammer and Sickle, whose so-called "cold war" was clearly indicated when the pact was made to cover unarmed as well as armed attack.

IT must not be supposed that Russia and Communism have been the only factors in the political disturbances and revolutions in Latin-America during the last year, because there are of course other and older factors, such as the endemic strife between multiple political parties, which, as Spain and Portugal have realized, have made the usual parliamentary régime based on political parties unsuitable to Latin peoples; there is also the factor of a backward social policy in some of the countries and in others an Indian problem, providing a fertile ground for the major disruptive element of Communism.

This article proposes merely to sketch some of the political events country by country with an eye to the influence Communism has had on them, and consequently what part they are likely to play in the world war, cold or otherwise.

ONLY the political conditions can be considered in the space allowed, but it is the general rule that economic conditions reflect the political and can be judged by them. Experience has shown that the more governments and régimes progress towards the left, the more bankrupt and disorderly they become and the stability and prosperity return when they steer to the right and this has happened and is happening to-day in Latin-America.

Argentina, having fallen from the high financial position she held at the end of the war, owing to ill-considered economic policies, appears politically unstable. President Perón's supporters gained a sweeping victory in March 1948 elections, but it now remains to be seen if he still holds the support of the army and is still the darling of the masses, whose wages and conditions he has so considerably improved and whose support placed him in power. Strikes and discontent began to show their heads during the latter half of the year 1948, and are doubtless fomented by the agents of Moscow, but restrictive measures against Communists and Soviet representatives have not been evident as in several other republics.

In Bolivia in January 1948, an attempted revolution was suppressed and President

Hertzog attributed it to Communist tactics. In February 1949, the President declared a state of war throughout Bolivia owing to the discovery of a revolutionary plot which he attributed to certain exiled Bolivian politicians in Perú instigated by agitators directed by the Soviets.

The Brazil Chamber of Deputies in January 1948, passed a bill expelling Communists from all legislative and administrative functions; as a result one senator, General Prestes the head of the Communist party, fifteen deputies and sixty-one members of provincial legislatures and municipalities lost their posts. In the previous May the Communist party had been declared illegal and in October, Brazil had broken off diplomatic relations with Moscow.

CHILE, which had gone so far along the Communist road as to have in 1945 a Popular Front government, reacted violently in the face of perpetual strikes and disruption of her economy and social structure by agents of Moscow. After first breaking off relations with Yugoslavia, whose Embassy was found to be a focus of Communist intrigue, in December 1947 she severed her diplomatic relations with the U.S.S.R. and Czechoslovakia.

In the United Nations Organization the Chilian delegate took a leading anti-Soviet part; first in April in the defence of Mr. Papenak, the permanent representative of Czechoslovakia, and again in June on the question of Russian wives being allowed to leave Russia to join their husbands abroad.

During the latter half of 1948 strong measures were taken against Communists, many of whom were interned; in September, Communists were outlawed and deprived of voting powers and it was stated that 3,000 Communists had been deprived of their public offices. It was remarkable how rapidly the labour and social situation improved *pari passu* with anti-Communist action and how quickly increased production and contentment followed.

COLOMBIA, which had been considered to be freer from Communist influence and infiltration than most other Latin-American Republics, became suddenly and unexpectedly the stage for violent political agitation and labour troubles. The moment, which was obviously chosen especially by Moscow, was the occasion of the 9th Pan-American conference held at Bogotá in March 1948, at which General Marshall, Mr. Harriman, other prominent U.S. officials and the delegates of all the other countries concerned were present. During the conference a violent revolution broke out with sabotage, incendiarism and much loss of life, causing the temporary postponement of the conference; the outbreak was attributed by the Colombian President, Dr. Ospina Perez, and by foreign delegates and diplomats, to Communist inspiration and organization. There was ample evidence to prove that this was the case and in the month of May, after investigations had taken place, Colombia broke off relations with the U.S.S.R. and expelled the Russian representatives.

The revolutionary outbreak was not allowed to break up the Pan-American conference which rapidly debated and agreed on the "Charter of the State of America" and the "Pact of Bogotá" which were signed by all the delegates on April 30th. The charter and pact expressed in concrete form the intentions of hemispheric solidarity and mutual defence expressed at Rio de Janeiro the previous year.

COSTA RICA and Nicaragua must be linked together here because it appeared at one time that differences of opinion between the two countries, caused or influenced by revolutionary agitators, would lead to war between them. It was a notable success for the Pact of Bogotá that the Costa Rican-Nicaraguan dispute was settled amicably under the conditions laid down by the Pact.

In February 1948, a conservative President, Sr. Otilio Ulate, was peacefully elected to succeed President Picado, who had held office with Communist support and was commander-in-chief of the army. Picado refused to hand over and arrested Ulate and his friends. A successful military coup then took place under Col. Figueres and captured power, reinstated Ulate and disbanded the

small army. A group of the defeated left wing politicians had taken refuge in Nicaragua and from there organized an invasion of Costa Rica, which the Costa Ricans alleged was assisted by regular Nicaraguan forces. There were accusations, counter accusations and some fighting, when the Council of the Organization of States set up under the Bogotá Pact effectively stepped in, sent a committee of investigation and succeeded in a pacification, which resulted, in February 1949, in the signature of a treaty of friendship between the two countries. Picado and his party were undoubtedly collaborators with the Communists in this incident of the cold war and the Communist party was outlawed in Costa Rica. During the dispute between Nicaragua and Costa Rica an organization of revolutionary character called The Caribbean Legion made its appearance. It apparently has ramifications throughout Central America, has Communist connection and is likely to be heard about again.

In August 1948, it was Nicaragua's turn to face an attempted revolution against President Ramon Reyes, in which Communist participation was also evident. Nicaragua's new constitution excludes Communists from political activities.

In June, elections for President took place in Cuba, resulting in the election of Dr. Carlos Prio, who is considered to be strongly anti-Communist. Disorders attributed to Communists took place in Havana during the elections.

Ecuador elected a new liberal President, Sr. Galo Plaza, in June 1948 and in November an attempted revolution was quashed, but the reports have not indicated any Communist participation.

IN Guatemala the situation has been confused with various unsuccessful revolts against President Arévolo. His régime is anti-British and it was reported that the latest revolt in April was against the communism with which the régime is tainted. The pretensions of the Guatemalan government to the ownership of the British colony of Honduras were aired at the Bogotá conference and an offer of the British government to submit the claim to The Hague tribunal was rejected by Guatemala.

The political situation in Panamá was confused and confusing; its visible result was the refusal of the Panamanian government to renew the permission given to the U.S.A. during the war to hold bases in Panamá for the defence of the Canal Zone and they were evacuated at the beginning of 1949. This is a serious business for the strategic defence of the Canal and in the U.S.A. Panamá's attitude has been definitely attributed to Communists under Soviet instigation. In May presidential elections took place with five candidates and much conflict and confusion, resulting in the naming of Sr. Diaz Arosemena as President; an unsuccessful revolution took place in November.

Paraguay in 1948, was the scene of revolution, counter-revolution and an attempt to assassinate the new President Dr. Natalicio Gonzalez. At what point and to what extent Communists joined in the play of competing political parties it is impossible to say; it can only be said that they played their customary rôle. In March 1949, a bloodless *coup d'état* took place and Dr. Felipe Molas became President.

BEGINNING in December 1947, Perú passed through a series of political disturbances. In these the chief revolutionary elements were the Communists and the political party called the A.P.R.A. (Alianza Popular Revolucionaria Americana); this party led by an able Peruvian, Haya de la Torre, had been a disturbing element in Perú for some years and, though it professed to be anti-Communist, its connection and that of its leader with Moscow was well known. The Communists for their part had played their usual rôle of paralysing shipping and industries through strikes and disrupting the social and political life of the country.

After a suspension of the constitution and a short period of rule by decree on the part of President Bustamante with a military government, a serious revolt took place in October in Callao and A.P.R.A. was declared illegal as a result. In the same month in the south (Arequipa), a military right wing revolution took place by elements

dissatisfied with the government weakness towards the Communists and A.P.R.A. The revolution was successful, President Bustamante fled to Argentina and General Odria took his place and formed a new government of army and naval officers, which immediately outlawed Communists and apristas. The result was evident in a gradual return to order and tranquillity in labour and industry.

URUGUAY is one of the few republics which enjoyed stable political conditions during the past year. In the early 1930's Uruguay was the centre of Communism in South America and, perhaps owing to the lesson learnt then, she has been able to avoid the disruptive Communist activities that have taken place elsewhere.

Venezuela came into her period of Communist agitation later than the other republics and it was in November 1948, that, owing to continued labour troubles and strikes, the left wing government of President Gallegos was overthrown by the army, which took over the control of the country with a minimum amount of disorder. The leader of the military junta, Colonel Delgado Chalbaud became President. Interference with the local status of the Communists and the Soviet representation does not appear to have taken place.

THIS concludes the brief survey of the progress of the Soviets cold war in most of the Latin-American republics. Mexico has not come into the news, perhaps because she went violently through the Communist disease in the 20's and 30's. It will be seen that the western hemisphere is dealing with Communism with greater realism than is Europe. Strikes that are "illegal" or "unauthorized" in Europe are called by their proper name, while all marxists are recognized as Communists, and not as "Democrats". The Latin-Americans have also shown that they have less sympathy with quisling traitors than have the Europeans, notwithstanding the bitter experiences of the latter, and that they are not so complacent in allowing vast diplomatic staffs of Soviet embassies and agencies to carry on unchecked the cold and disintegrating war within their gates, as are the great powers. This wisdom may well arise from their superior knowledge and understanding of what happened in their mother countries of the Iberian Peninsula between 1920 and 1940, where the Soviets staged their first intestinal attack on a foreign country and were thrashed.

Theatre

A COMEDY OF GENIUS

HUBERT GRIFFITH

THE BEAUX' STRATAGEM, by Farquhar. *Phoenix.*

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM, by Shakespeare. *George Inn, Southwark.*

A WOMAN IN LOVE, by Georges de Porto-Riche. *Embassy.*

MARRIAGE STORY, by Jacques Deval. *Strand.*

TOGETHER AGAIN. Revue. *Victoria Palace.*

BRIGADOON, by Alan Jay Lerner. *His Majesty's.*

DAZZLED and enchanted by Mr. John Clements' current production of "*The Beaux Stratagem*", at the Phoenix, I am wondering rather amazedly why its author, George Farquhar, has not always been accepted as the writer of the best English comedy of the three centuries between Shakespeare and the moderns.

It is a large claim, but let's look at it. Has it anything in it to equal Millamant's last great surrender-scene, when she fears that she may "by degrees *dwindle* into a wife"—"*Adieu*, my morning thoughts, agreeable wakings, indolent slumbers, all ye *douceurs*, ye *sommeils du matin*, *adieu*"; followed by the tremendous verbal duel between herself and Mirabel, when she demands that she shall still remain "sole empress of her own tea-table", and he, in return for this concession, requires that she shall not tight-lace herself during pregnacy and so run the risk of bearing him misshapen brats?

Perhaps it hasn't—even admitting that much of the shape and design of these scenes was copied from Molière's "*Misanthrope*", the Alceste—Célimène duologues.

But what else has it, apart from these isolated two scenes on whose fame Congreve's name has passed down to history? (And much of the rest of Congreve's single masterpiece is—let us face the truth—rather pedantic and hard-going drivel.)

Farquhar's play, on the other hand, has an almost continuous flow from end to end of melodious, apt, and good-tempered language. In wit I do not think it falls ever below Congreve except at his highest.

Take the scene when the brutish highwayman is invited to dinner at the inn by a gentleman of quality for the gentleman's own purposes of enquiry. "Sir, I am yours!", says the reeling highwayman, sweeping off his hat. "That's *more* than I deserve!", says the gentleman, in a telling aside. The whole later scene, a brilliant scene, is shot through with Shakespearean allusions (Farquhar must have known Shakespeare by heart), and rhythms. It might, both in observation and character, have been written by the creator of Falstaff himself.

Take the women's scenes. Miss Kay Hammond, leading her sister-in-law to meet the gentlemen:—"Come this way, and I'll throw out allure."

Take the phrase, "Pride is the life of a woman, and flattery is her daily bread". Can any man, having heard this, not go back to his wife in a *slightly* chastened state of mind?

And now take the main point that I am coming to— the extraordinary and advanced modernity of Farquhar's main theme. A hoggish and drunken country Squire is married to a young London lady of some sensitiveness. ("Country *pleasures*!" she remarks at one point—"rather, torments!")

Her description of his coming drunk to bed with her is far too graphic to be comic.

In the end it is arranged that they divorce. "Are we not told to be 'one flesh'?", insists the Squire. "But rational people have also *minds* that can be consulted", says someone else—bringing in that breath of sanity, of

toleration, of extraordinary boldness of modernity that it took nearly three hundred years to see revived on the stage.

It was revived in Ibsen's "*Doll's House*". Farquhar's Mrs. Sullen is a Nora two hundred and fifty years before her time.

I don't wish to suggest that the "*Beaux Stratagem*" is not full of fun, and of as much lubricity as will make it fashionable and enjoyable these days.

It is beautifully played and directed at the Phoenix. Miss Kay Hammond might have spoken more distinctly. This, the nasal intonation, the end of the sentence "thrown away", is becoming sheer mannerism on her part—and Farquhar's lines are much too good to be trifled with. In this respect she could have been taught a lesson by the little *soubrette*, "Cherry", the "landlord's daughter at the Inn", Gwen Cherrell.

Mr. John Clements and Mr. Robert Eddison as the two gentlemen-adventurers out in search of a fortune—anybody's fortune—were as near perfect as maybe.

Styles and periods tended to become slightly mixed on the musical and scenic side of the production. Snatches of Gay's "Beggar's Opera" are quoted freely, though he hadn't written it before Farquhar was dead. Mozart's music (at least a hundred years later) provides an interlude.

But by that time the charm and vitality of the play as a whole had made me past caring for trivialities.

TWO unfortunate occurrences: — two productions of French plays in the mother-tongue—i.e., English.

Who was it who told Mr. Michael Redgrave that he was competent to be not only translator but also producer and also chief actor in "*A Woman in Love*", at the Embassy?

The original play is by Georges de Porto-Riche, who was at least sufficiently representative of his age and his period to be taken seriously by Arnold Bennett. And what do we get by way of translation? (In at least one of the bills the play is described as being "*by* Michael Redgrave".)

"I used to be your initial guide to the art galleries, have you lost confidence in me?" What a sentence! "Women of society?" (i.e., probably, "*dames du monde*")—dare one suggest, "fashionable women?"

The whole thing was a masterpiece of ineptitude, I draw a veil over the almost inaudible performance of Miss Margaret Rawlings—who has so often shown herself a distinguished actress. Those fluttering movements, half like the "little humming bird" of a "*Doll's House*", half like those of the inquisitive English child of the "*Boutique Fantasque*"?

I suggest that Miss Margaret Rawlings should be her age. And that Mr. Michael Redgrave, *either* as translator, or as producer, or as chief actor, might have given some serious attention to the production as a whole.

But that, as the "all-knowing", he tended to be a disaster.

A faint reverberation of that "translation" still lingers in my ear? "What a delicious little friend she was", says one man to another, recalling a past adventure. I suppose that "*petite amie*" stood in the original. A difficult phrase to translate. How would you have it?—a "sweetie"—a "Mistress"—the ancient and honourable word is, I am glad to say, coming back into use. But not—even forsaken by all your guardian angels—a "little friend".

"*MARRIAGE STORY*" (Strand) by M. Jacques Deval has been written in English, or translated into English, apparently by himself. (At least no other translator's name appears on the programme.)

May I beg M. Deval to go back and get somebody else to help him to do his job?

The play itself is not an important one. Its theme is that theme so everlastingly fascinating to French playwrights, and even obsessive to French novelists, jealousy. Didn't Anatole France write his own worst novel about it?—"*Le Lys Rouge*"—and didn't he himself confess that he was ashamed of it?

However, here we go at it again at the Strand! A young couple, of no subsequent importance whatever to the play, open by an hour long discussion of how they *may* be going to be jealous of each other if ever they get round to being married.

The main theme then creeps in, and dominates the stage. Is the old man, the husband, going to drink the poisoned cup (of tea) prepared for him by his wife and by the traditional "lover"?

I can't say that I cared—though I am too concientious a man of the theatre not to resent the great sincerity and the great talents of Miss Angela Baddeley and Mr. Walter Fitzgerald being thrown away on ineffectual nonsense. The translation—or original—is again miserably bad. "Unless you marry me, I can never be yours", says one of the minor characters. "*Never be yours*", we go back to Elinor Glyn and Marie Corelli!

A BREATH of fresh air broke into this rather fœtid atmosphere when Mr. Rupert Doone produced "*A Midsummer Night's Dream*", by Morley College students, in the court yard of the George Inn, Southwark.

The George Inn, Southwark, admits blushingly, through the mouth of its potman, that it is only "comparatively" ancient—that it doesn't claim to date back much before 1660—that therefore it couldn't have been opened before Shakespeare was dead—and that it is only the "sort" of inn yard that Shakespeare might have walked about and had some of his plays produced in.

But it has on one of the sides of its courtyard a two-storied gallery (though the other side of it is now a railway goods-yard—Shakespeare wouldn't have minded), and I thought it extremely imaginative, and rewarding of Mr. Doone and his company to have produced "*The Dream*" there on successive fine Saturday afternoons.

The old magic came pouring out:—

"*For she hath blessed and attractive eyes*"

"*Lovers, to bed; 'tis almost fairy time . .*"

How can one possibly listen to this outpouring of the younger phase of his genius without being exhilarated by it—especially when spoken in the open air? Mr. Doone and his often brilliant players have my thanks.

TWO manifestations of popular art:—"*Together Again*", a revue, centering round the personalities of the Crazy Gang, now entering on its third *year* at the Victoria Palace.

I thought that I would revisit it on the occasion of its third anniversary. Some—not to say much—of it is vulgar. Much—not to say all—of it is human. Oh, that shaving-scene, where Messrs Nervo and Knox shave, with every refinement of torture, some unsuspecting customer. Pure music hall slap-stick? But what about the brilliance of the timing? And the sketch about the "pre-fab" cottages, where everyone clings on to his windows when a train passes? Or Mr. Naughton's (or is it Mr. Gold's?) monumental, and unmoving, and lapidiary countenance during the whole proceedings? One is certainly in the presence of an art of some sort—and of an art that both Dickens and Shakespeare himself would have understood — and delighted in.

"*BRIGADOON*" at His Majesty's. Here, I confess, I give up. As a young man, too young to know any better, I was gazetted to a Lowland regiment, and crammed into tartan trews—the most ridiculous garments, save those of Harlequin, ever fashioned for human wear.

What is one to say of a stageful of these—and tartans and sporrans and kilts and plaids? Not even the best of our stage designers could have made them acceptible to our human eyesight. On a distant hillside they fade gracefully into the landscape. Bagpipes on a distant hillside are—as long as it is distant enough—not so bad. But have them piping round the Mess table on Guest nights—then stop your ears. And now, at His Majesty's Theatre, they come straight across the footlights.

I would only inform you that at His Majesty's, coupled with the attractions of a few American accents, they are being a big success.

ART AND NATURE

By R. W. ALSTON *

THE question of the relation of art to nature, raised so archly by Miss Mary Borden in a letter to the *Daily Telegraph* a little time ago, is the *Pons Asinorum* of art criticism. Miss Borden takes the conventional view, not the opinion of the man in the street—who can hardly be said to have views on the subject, but that of many modern art students. She has no use, and who will contradict her, for what she calls "photographic painting in oils". What she likes are vague, jejune paintings in which she can imagine spirits. She explains, " . . . there is a picture in the Tate Gallery of a forest by Matisse. Some Royal Academicians must hate this, for it is, if you want to describe it literally, just a dry stick or two with a drift of green. But it haunts me. It is a haunting picture, and very mysterious. Indeed, it is so powerfully haunting that when I found myself not long ago in a woodland, the canvas in the Tate Gallery came with me, pushed a few hundred trees that cluttered up the place aside, and made me see, or believe that I saw, what I had never seen before, the spirit of the forest".

The general public, without giving much thought to the question, quite rightly prefer painting that imitates nature, and are less concerned with spirits. The more sophisticated, who read modern art criticisms, suppose this preference must be wrong, but seldom define a positive opinion, while the older Academicians still persist in saying, "study nature", and this irrelevant argument goes ding-dong between art and nature without ever settling the relation between the two.

It is, I think, one of those instances where we are deceived by the meaning and associations of words. The imitation of a thing is never identical with the thing imitated, otherwise it would be no imitation but the thing itself, and the occasion for a picture painting is in the imitation of the thing painted in the picture, and in the tacit assumption that the painted imitation will not be mistaken for the thing in natural form. But here prejudice slips in. That we should imitate, renew, repeat or even emulate anything in art or nature, offends the prevailing subconscious myth of our time—the idea of progress. Progress, it is thought, demands continuous novelty, and it is assumed that novelty must be an improvement.

THE camera provides a mechanical graph of light and shade, but no one mistakes a photograph for the thing photographed, even when the picture is in colour. The photograph is, in fact, too inaccurate to deceive us. The photographer with his camera, does not imitate nature better than a painter, but in a different style. The camera has its uses, but as soon as we have grasped the illustrative meaning of a photograph, we turn away in boredom. Photography is a technique, not an art, and in portraiture it is merely a cheap substitute for the art of painting portraits, and not a transcending rival.

The virtue of a picture lies in the art of imitation, but as few people understand the language of painting very consciously, let me choose a more homely example.

In my kitchen I have a cockatoo—a noisy bird, who has been so often scolded that one phrase in particular sticks in her mind. After screaming in her own language, she is apt to say with a peculiar high-pitched, reedy voice, as the R's trill in her great hollow beak: "Naughty bird, naughty bird." It is an imperfect bird-like imitation of the human voice, and its charm lies in its inaccuracy, and of course at one and the same time, in its mimicry or imitation. If she called herself, "Naughty bird", in her

* *Mr. R. W. ALSTON is Curator of The Watts Gallery.*

own personal language—an unintelligible scream (supposing she knows what she says), we should not be amused. Nor should we be amused more than once at the oddness of the thing, if the bird's imitation was so perfect that it could be mistaken for the human voice.

My cockatoo is a derivative and imitative artist, rendering the art of human speech in her own peculiar, individual idiom. It is an imitation with a personal difference. But, of course, she is not a great artist, though good enough for my argument. She is a caricaturist—a man among birds, but a bird among men.

IF the imitation in painting is too like the object, it destroys the image (i.e., a metaphor) by the illusion of identity, leaving no room for the imagination. If, on the other hand, the imitation is too vague or obscure, and if the painter has not kept his eye on the object, no image is formed in relation to the object, and the artist has achieved nothing more than one of those vague accidents loved by sentimentalists who stare at things unobservantly, and fancy what they like—Miss Mary Borden's "spirit of the forest", for example. The object imitated is transfigured in drawing and painting, but not lost. On the contrary, it is made more vivid by comparisons.

When a poet says:

The hair that lay along her back
Was yellow like ripe corn,

the hair is transfigured imaginatively into straw, and at the same time into poetry. By supposing it corn-like, one sees its hue more vividly because of the comparison. The word, straw, however, reminds us that the comparison is not a matter of fact. If it were a painting of my cockatoo (which is visual poetry) I should know the picture was only a likeness of the bird, just as ripe corn has a likeness to the girl's hair. So the intention of painting is not only *to make painting like nature, but to make nature like painting.* Notice that the meaning of this traffics both ways. I have not said that the object of painting is merely to make a picture derived out of the object and abstracted out of all recognition of that object. The picture must refer back to the object from which it is abstracted or derived. It must be analogous. Consider the difference between an imitation and a copy; between analogy and deception. A deception is unqualified or it does not deceive. An analogy can be vivid, tender, ironical and contain the range of expression while remaining analogous. Deception is fraud while analogy can be art.

THE odd thing about all this is that it is one of those things grasped in a flash by most people, while the sophisticated, led by analysis instead of common sense, approach the obvious through the labyrinth of a maze. Tiresome as it is, I must go further into this maze. Sir Herbert Grigson writes (of literature) that in transfiguring similes and metaphors the connecting link is *not* in these similes themselves but in our feelings about them. We must know the comparisons and these, he says, are "the colours on the poet's palette". Now the peculiarity of painting is that the simile can be very close to the object. Above all other arts, painting can be peculiarly imitative and can describe the appearance of a girl's hair far more clearly than music or literature. When an artist paints a portrait he transfigures his sitter into the metaphor of painting. The girl's hair becomes translated, not into corn, but into the art of painting.

Here we come to a difficulty. The range of a painter's efforts is just as wide as that of his experience and as that of his patrons. His patrons have no experience to speak of with that delicate and complicated instrument, the *art of painting.* That experience is an acquired taste, and if you ask me what it is, I am not going to furnish you with a little intellectual formula, but tell you to go to the National Gallery. There you will find yellow hair in a variety of styles never seen at a hairdresser's.

Our present ignorance of the art of painting is shown by the irrelevance of the dispute over the Chantry pictures. Hostile critics grudgingly concede technical competence to these "Academic" canvases, whereas most of these sodden laboured illustrations show nothing of the kind. That is not the art of painting as we see it in the National

Gallery. Nor, on the other hand, is the work of Mr. Matthew Smith or Messrs. Chagall and Picasso, which the critics would substitute for the Dicksee's and Farquharsons. Since the latter half of the nineteenth century, with the exception of the Impressionists, there has been an end to Academic painting in the best meaning of the word. Compare the sublime ease of Rubens in touch and conception with the naïf agony of Dicksee, and the certainty of Rubens with the pretentious rude brush of Mr. Matthew Smith.

HAD the Chantry Collection been made fifty years earlier and confined to contemporaries, we should not have seen many great paintings, but we should have caught the tail-end of a great tradition and have had Constable, Turner and Etty. It is not merely the sentimentality and vulgarity of conception of these pretentious compositions that should be obvious, but the poverty of technical resource. One of the best pictures in the collection has darkened from being painted with paraffin.

My choice of a parrot just now as an example may imply that it does not matter what an artist says, or how often he repeats himself or others, but only how he says it. I must go out of my way for a moment to refute that assumption. Of course, what the artist says matters, and also how he says it. But sometimes artists do seem almost exclusively concerned with the technique of expression and very little with what they express. At the other extreme are those painters who think of an idea which they illustrate with a perfunctory diagram. They are the really "literary" painters, who illustrate cerebral ideas, and it is they—to use Constable's phrase—who are "lost in the vacant fields of idealism". But to the artist, as such, expression is the heart of the matter, and it is better to paint a bowl of roses well, and even often, than to paint *The Last Supper* badly, though there can be no doubt of the superior human significance of the latter to a Christian. And it often happens that the meaning of a picture in one aspect—the human aspect—is common to other arts of a period, and these others—architecture, music and literature—are saying the same thing as the painter, but saying it within the terms and with the particular emphasis of their different media. It is possible that a painter may accept this prevalent attitude unconsciously, and speak exclusively of his technical achievement, taking the common human interest for granted. It is such unconscious assumptions of ours that influence us most, because they lie hidden from the searching eye of self-criticism.

If a painter despises technique he is suspect as an artist. He thinks his idea, his doctrine or his feeling matters more than the expression of his feeling, and so it may. Christianity is worth all the painted Madonnas in the world, but it is his business, *as an artist*, to find means of expression suitable to his art.

THE artist must consider the limits of his art. Architecture, for example, can best express strength, elegance or richness with varieties of emphasis, but architecture cannot tell stories like literature, or describe things like painting. Though objects may be described in painting with strength, elegance or richness, they must be expressed in a painterly style.

Many landscape painters in the early nineteenth century were expressing the same feeling as Wordsworth in his poem, *Tintern Abbey*, for example, but they are certainly not merely "literary" painters. Ancillary with that common ground of sentiment for nature, shared with Wordsworth, they were expressing the poetry of painting, not the illustration of poetry (though they may do so incidentally)*, and their art appeals to the eye, not the ear.

If a picture illustrates an historical subject, an incident—or even when it imitates a natural object (as do almost all pictures)—it is often dismissed as literary painting. It is assumed, for example, that if an artist illustrates a subject, that subject would be described better in writing. As if, when painting a portrait, it could be assumed to be merely alternative to writing the word,

* Turner illustrated Roger's Italy and wrote his own doggerel under his own splendid pictures.

"man"—the picture meaning nothing more than the noun. It is a simple idea, and one wonders in these days of universal education why it continues to excite so much attention. It was not so surprising in Italy in the fifteenth century when many people who could neither read nor write "made" out the story of the Bible in pictures. To those who cannot "read" or appreciate the language of painting, a picture of a man can mean no more nor less than the subject, man. Our critics, who are nothing if not literary, should remember that the so-called literary painting of the Old Masters is only "literature" to the illiterate.

TRUTH, however, must not be distorted by making a malicious debating point. The National Gallery would not be so full of visitors if they did not enjoy pictures without the power of analysis. They, as it were, "read" the pictorial conventions unconsciously, seeing not only the man in the picture, but feeling what the artist says about him. As the artists intend, they grasp the effect of a picture without conscious knowledge of the means, and it is possible to have good taste in pictures without in any exact sense understanding painting.

"It is the essence of Art to be artificial, but it is its perfection to return to nature, remaining Art," said Whitehead. Art should appear natural, for—as the saying is—"Art conceals Art." If it is asked, "What point is there in concealment?" it may not be too far fetched to consider manners.

Manners, like the art of acting, have to be taught and learnt, but should seem natural. Obviously artificial affected manners are disliked because they imply insincerity and the feeling that a man is not true to the integrity of his nature. Good manners are, as it were, grafted on to nature.

The painting of a portrait of any subject is a visually rendered communication between the sitter, the artist and spectators, who look over the artist's shoulder. The presentation of the sitter, the way the portrait sits in the frame, the pattern and colour, ostentation of restraint of touch, the arrangement of accents, the suppression and exaggeration of forms have all to do with the *manner* of painting a picture, and express the attitude of the artist to his sitter.

THE painting of a man's image in a picture is an artifice, not a purely technical accomplishment like the mechanical measurements of a machine. The camera imitates nature with the eye of a robot. It records without understanding or imagination. It does not make an imitation but an indifferently sensative impression.

That picture painting is the imitation of nature was the unconscious assumption of artists since the Renaissance. Now, that assumption is questioned, and until we get an answer, painting is held in uncertain suspense.

It may be witty but misleading to say that these artists of the past tried to do what only a camera can do until they had to invent it. Their art lay, conceited from analysis but not from appreciation, in their craft; in the making of a thing analogous to nature not in recording a senseless impression. To mistake their art for a sort of Heath Robinson photography is merely insensativeness. Such critics betray themselves as nineteenth century academicians tired of their mistaken labour — but still mistaken.

REYNOLDS, who lived at a time when there was still a language and craft of painting, far richer, more varied and better understood than to-day, told his students to study nature. For our present Academicians to do so is not so much wrong, as out of turn—or out of date. Now that we have an impoverished craft, but a century of nature study dividing us from the eighteenth century, it would be wiser to restore the balance and say to painters—study painting.

Without art or nature, such painters are left with the intangible or, according to a recent manifesto with "the enduring spirit which we pursue in the mass". It seems a long shot into the brown. The argument of the modern Academicians for the copying of the visual image, or for pure illustration, falls short of the truth, and the same is true of those who advocate pure

design resulting in a useless sort of architecture. Painting has something of both and something more. It deals, not merely with appearance or with natural history, but with imagination and *phantasma*. It makes fantasy not only a mental, but a visual image — a flying angel, for example. It communicates the unseen through the seen; but not, I think, the unseen without record of some concrete observation. As Fry said, painting is a visual, not a visionary, art.

SONG OF THE NIGHT

COOL within the spiral hands
Like a snail inside its shell
Lives the face of the world's child-soul

Once at the top of the cedar-tree
Alone with the resinous smell
It saw the sun and the sea
Knew it was no one and nowhere

Love knows that face although the sun has fled
For fear we drown him in our wintry night
Yet his image stirs at the foot of the tree
Among the growing dead

O sky of quiet ordered stars
Are we no concern of yours?
Rain down a burning shining wrath
Transmute out time-bound agony

Tonight no tree nor shell can hide
The lost face of humanity
That tosses naked in the tide

The bell-buoy rings to the waves of time
The waves in the tree break white on a rock
Where our dark face basks alone

Grey streets and iron sky be kind
To the wandering face of love that walks
Remote with the windy moon

O black night turn our hidden face towards a sailing dawn

MARY WYKEHAM.

NOTES FROM OVERSEAS

AT the beginning of last month the Foreign Office, in the person of Mr. Mayhew, was very properly subjected to a severe cross-examination in respect of the extraordinary behaviour of the Control Commission in Austria in only allowing three political parties to exist in that country. Mr. Mayhew, whose devotion to Marxian dogma is so much more conspicuous than his knowledge of foreign affairs, gave little satisfaction to his critics, indeed he made it obvious that both he and Mr. Bevin are not in the least interested in the effective working of representative government in Austria.

The present situation is the negation of everything for which the recent war was fought, and Mr. Shackleton was perfectly justified in his contention that the attitude of the Control Commission "in refusing to allow the Austrians to form new political parties strikes at the very root of the democratic basis of Western democracy". However, to all suggestions that his department should take the matter up again with the other Powers concerned, Mr. Mayhew merely replied, "If a suitable opportunity occurs, we will revert to it". The explanation of this attitude probably lies in the fear that if the regulation were relaxed a powerful monarchist party would make its appearance, and the hatred of the present British Government for hereditary monarchy almost amounts to an obsession.

ANGLO-IRISH differences have received a good deal of publicity lately, but the facts leading up to the present crisis are still not generally appreciated by the majority of Englishmen, and it is well that they should be more widely understood.

When Mr. Costello succeeded Mr. de Valera as Taoiseach at the beginning of last year he found himself at the head of a coalition administration, of which one of the main components was the Clan na Poblachta led by Mr. Sean MacBride. This party was committed to the establishment of an independent republic, and had Mr. de Valera moved a resolution to this effect from the Fianna Fail benches, Mr. MacBride would have been compelled to support it, and the government must of necessity have fallen. To avoid any such development Mr. Costello decided to establish the republic himself, thereby ensuring the continued support of Clan na Poblachta and at the same time depriving Mr. de Valera of an extremely effective weapon.

Whether the Taoiseach had considered the possible repercussions of his action in the other parts of the British Isles it is not easy to determine, but the present British Government has shown itself so uniformly pusillanimous that he may well have thought it would not hesitate at his behest to apply the necessary pressure to Northern Ireland. Unhappily for Mr. Costello, the British Prime Minister also had party considerations to take into account, and he was far too astute to make his political opponents a present of the argument that he was sacrificing the loyalists of the North to the rebels of the South.

THE next step was the General Election in Northern Ireland, where for the first time a number of Roman Catholics voted Unionist. This considerably strengthened Sir Basil Brooke's position, and rendered it more than ever inadvisable for Mr. Attlee to adopt any line which could be construed by the Opposition at Westminster as a sacrifice of Belfast to Dublin. Incidentally, the result of the polls in Northern Ireland also brought home to the younger generation of British electors, unacquainted with the intricacies of Irish politics, that there are at least two sides to the Irish Question. "Loyal Ulster" was again becoming a factor in British politics.

Such was the situation at Easter of this year when the Irish Republic officially came into existence. Mr. Costello had retained his majority in the Dail, and he had cut the last constitutional ties with Great Britain; so far, so good, from his point of view, but he was clearly running into heavy weather.

Sir Basil Brooke had frightened Mr. Attlee, while Mr. de Valera was coming out against a republic which did not include the six Northern counties. Still, there was every indication that India would follow Eire's example, and this would so enhance Mr. Costello's prestige, he hoped, that his fellow-countrymen would turn a blind eye to the difficulties which his policy had created.

THEN the unexpected happened. At the other end of the world the Communist armies swept through China, and as Pandit Nehru saw the satellites of Russia moving in the direction of India he began to feel that there might be something in the British connection after all, so India did not take the same course as Eire. Emboldened by this Mr. Attlee introduced his Bill which guarantees the position of Northern Ireland, while giving the citizens of the Irish Republic a privileged status in Great Britain.

All this weakened the Taoiseach's position enormously and accounts for the strong language which he used in the Dail when moving his resolution of protest against Mr. Attlee's Bill. Thus the matter stands for the moment. The British Prime Minister has enhanced his already considerable reputation as a political tight-rope walker; Sir Basil Brooke has been able to put his case to a generation which had never heard it; and Mr. Costello runs a grave risk of becoming a laughing-stock to his fellow countrymen. Meanwhile, the vast majority of the inhabitants of all the British Isles under the age of forty have refused to take the slightest interest in the controversy.

POLITICS apart, there should be no difficulty at all in regularizing the position of subjects of the Irish Republic in Great Britain, particularly where the service of the Crown is concerned. If it be true that the Service Authorities are preplexed by the problem, then they have forgotten that it is not so long since a considerable number of foreigners served in the Armed Forces. Even to-day such conditions are not unknown, and the soldiers of the Swiss Guard do not forfeit their rights as citizens of Switzerland because they are temporarily in the service of the Pope.

Clearly the solution is for Irishmen to take the oath to King George VI for the period of their service, which is what the ancestors of a great many of them did in the case of the French Kings when they served in the Irish Brigade in France in the eighteenth century. With officers the position is slightly different as they do not take an oath of allegiance, but receive their commissions direct from the King. In this case, too, there is no particular difficulty involved, and the Duke of Edinburgh held a commission in the British Navy while he was still a Greek subject. So long as the bitter feelings engendered by extravagant nationalism are not allowed to interfere these problems of nationality are quite capable of adjustment.

POVERTY PARADE
OF TRAMPS AND OTHERS

By GUY STENNING*

THERE is, I suppose, no branch of Social Welfare work which gives more concern to the appropriate authorities than vagrancy. Much has been talked and written on the subject but without much effect, and the Tramp continues to parade England, his person filthy and pest-ridden and his clothes verging on the indecent. His mind is usually static and he lives in a dull present, conscious of the sun's heat, the winter's cold, the pangs of hunger and thirst, and the irritation of his lice. When begging, borrowing and pilfering fail him he may do a trifle of work, but only just enough to get him to the next casual ward; and, when the winter comes, he will hibernate in a workhouse, preferably a London one. This is a fairly good description of the typical Tramp who has always existed and still persists but, I think, to a diminishing extent. Since about the middle of the war he has been accompanied by an increasing army of men, many of them ex-service and discharged as not having proved fit for military duties, while a host of other comprise men rejected by the enlistment authorities. At the end of hostilities these were again reinforced by their demobilized brethren. And all these men, sooner or later, trek to London where, owing to lack of other accommodation, they fill the Council's two casual wards to overflowing. And here tribute must be paid to the Council who, with the help of its own officers and the Employment Exchanges, has put many hundreds of these in work, a large proportion of them having had to be reclothed for the purpose. But the casual wards remain congested and the trek to London continues.

The following sketches, taken at random from memory, commence, however, with a pre-war figure.

THE JOURNALIST

MY earliest recollection of the Tramp proper goes back to the early 1930's when I was an assistant relieving officer in one of the districts. It must have been, I fancy, in the late autumn when a man entered my office and asked for an order of admission to the workhouse. I remember him as a young, shortish man with a small dark beard. His clothes were not too bad and, for a Tramp, he was unusually clean. To my surprise, he spoke in a pleasant voice and with cultured accents, and when I asked what his occupation was, replied: "Journalist," and added that he had walked to London from one of the Northern Counties.

"Have you ever been in one of our institutions before?" I asked.

"Oh! yes. I always come in for the winter."

"Where were you educated?" I asked curiously.

He mentioned the name of one of the Universities.

"But why on earth are you tramping the roads?" I asked impatiently. "Why not work?"

"There's no work to be had in my line," he said.

"But surely any sort of work is better than tramping the roads!"

"That's a matter of opinion," he retorted pertly. "It's healthy and I like it. When I can get work in my own profession I'll do it gladly."

"And meanwhile you expect the community to keep you," I returned with disdain.

"Will you please give me my order?" he said with a sort of polite challenge in his voice.

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* *Mr. Guy Stenning is the late Employment Officer, Social Welfare Department, L.C.C.*

I shrugged my shoulders and gave it to him, remarking: "You're so young; and with your education you shouldn't be going to a workhouse. Try and cultivate a little ambition."

He looked at me with an impertinent grin: " 'By that sin fell the angels!' " he quoted as he turned and left the office.

I have often thought of this man and wondered what became of him, and what trick of destiny had warped his character to the strange shape in which I found it.

THE SCARECROW

THE old-fashioned, scarecrow type of Tramp who may occasionally be seen delving into street dust-bins does not, fortunately, seem to be as prevalent as he was in the past, but this impression may be due to the fact that Masters do not as a rule submit these men to the employment officer unless they are considered suitable cases for reclothing, which is rarely. I sketch the following as an interesting figure for my album, and am sure that more could be done for these unfortunates if clothes were not so difficult to get.

I was visiting one of the Council's outlying workhouses to interview men who wanted work when the attendant brought in a man whom, he explained, the Master had instructed should be submitted to me. At first I though the Master must be playing a practical joke.

"The Guv'nor says," the attendant continued, "that if you'll find him a job he'll reclothe him."

"He'll need it," I said as I glanced at the wretched figure before me.

He was quite a young man, on the tall side, with stooping shoulders and an unhealthy pallid face which was covered with several days' growth of beard. His clothes were grotesque, and consisted of two shabby jackets beneath which were three waistcoats, exposing a décolleté, for he had no underclothes at all. He wore two pairs of ragged trousers, and his shoes might fitly be described as pieces of old leather tied together with string. It appeared that he had come into the casual ward the previous night in a shockingly verminous condition and had been bathed and his clothes baked, so that now he was clean.

"What sort of work do you want?" I asked.

"Anyfink," he replied in a hoarse voice.

"Well, what can you do?"

"Anyfink," he repeated.

"What work have you been doing?" I asked patiently.

He looked at me for some moments with lack lustre eyes and then replied that he: "Couldn't say off 'and like." And when I asked him how long ago it was since he had held a job he said he could not remember, but I gathered from further questioning that it must have been two or three years ago when he was: "Doing odd jobs on a farm."

"All right" I said finally, "I'll give you a job on bomb damage repair work."

That seemed to wake him up a little and he protested quickly that he: "Couldn't do no 'eavy work, Boss."

"But you said you could do anything!" I exclaimed.

"Not nothin' 'eavy. I bin rejected for the army, I 'ave. Grade IV I am. Only light work for me."

"What's wrong with you?" I asked.

"Stomick and chest," he answered pointing to the offending organs.

I gave it up, and turning to the attendant asked him to send the man to my office in the morning after he had been reclothed and I would then see what I could do for him. Later on I saw the Master and asked what had prompted his interest in, what appeared to me, such a hopeless case.

"Oh! I don't quite know," he said with a smile, "but it's a wretched story. He appears to have been quite happy at home until he was sixteen; then his mother married again and the husband took a dislike to the lad and made his life so unpleasant that in the end he ran away. He seems to have been on the road and in and out of casual wards and institutions for four or five years. He says that in the beginning he tried dozens of Employment Exchanges all over the country but they wouldn't look at him on account of his appearance. That, of course, may or may not be true and, in any event, it's probably

an exaggeration. I gather he was devoted to his mother and I think that being driven from home has preyed upon his mind. He's only twenty-one now and if we don't do something for him he's bound to end badly. I think that if we put him on his feet he'll make good."

"That's good enough for me," I said, "but he's rather a shock on first acquaintance. By the way, what's really the matter with him? Has he seen the M.O.?"

"Yes, of course; and I saw the doctor this morning. He says there's nothing seriously wrong with him and recommends a light domestic job where he can live in and where he can get good grub."

When the man entered my office the following morning I did not, at first, recognize him, to such an extent had a shave and decent clothes transformed, not only his appearance, but his mentality.

"The Master's made a nice job of you," I said as I invited him to a chair.

"Ah! he has that," he replied, "and I'm proper grateful."

Then I offered him a job in one of the small hotels on my books where, I knew, he would get good food and be looked after. He jumped at the offer with an eagerness of which I had not thought him capable the previous day.

While I was writing out the introduction for him I asked him how long it was since he had had a change of clothes. "Blimey!" he replied, and paused in an effort to remember. "Must be years," he said at last.

When I handed him the letter, however, he looked at me unhappily: "I carnt read, Boss, you'll have to tell me how to get there."

After I had given him sufficient directions I asked him whether he had not attended a Council school.

"Yus," he replied, "but I never learnt nuthin'. I never was no scholard."

I have always been astonished at the number of men I have met who cannot read or write, notwithstanding the benefits of free education.

However, notwithstanding his illiteracy, I think my young friend did make good. I called at the hotel about a month or so after he had started and found him quite happy and doing his job to the best of his ability—and earning "£2 10s. a week plus free board and lodging."

"He's very ignorant and a bit clumsy," the Manageress said, "but he's very willing and obliging, and I'll make a good man of him before I've finished."

I never had occasion to go to the place again, but I always hope that the Manageress realized her good intent. Anyway, the man never returned to the Council for help.

THIS FREEDOM

IT must be a year or two ago that this man came to see me, for about the seventh time since his discharge from the army, and I was reading the riot act to him on account of his habit of throwing up every job I gave him after he had worked for a week or two. He was quite a young man and in perfectly good health.

"Do you realize," I said, "that you can be prosecuted under the Vagrancy Act for throwing up work and then becoming chargeable to us again?"

"I didn't chuck this job you give me. I was sacked," he protested.

"I know. I've heard all about it. You purposely behaved so badly that the Manager had no alternative but to dismiss you."

He mumbled some explanation in reply to that but I forget what it was. The curious thing to me was that I knew he did not drink. I knew hundreds of men (to my cost) who merely took a job in order to have a glorious binge at the end of the first week, but this man appeared to have no other motive but sheer laziness.

"Can't you see how much happier you'd be if you stuck to a job and saved up some money?"

He shuffled uneasily in his chair for a few moments; then suddenly straightening himself he said, with a note of challenge in his voice: "Me, I likes me Freedom!"

I looked at him in angry amazement for a few moments: "Freedom! Don't talk damned nonsense!" I exclaimed at last. "That's not Freedom."

"I reckon it is," he replied obstinately. "I like to work when I like and rest when I like."

"And so you rest, as you call it, at the expense of the community."

"I ain't got no other 'ome." he muttered surlily.

It was useless, I knew, to argue with him, and prosecuting these men was also out of the question since by the time the bureaucratic machine got under weigh they were back on the road again.

In the end, after giving him a lecture, I decided to give him one more chance and gave him an introduction to another hotel where, however, he would have to live out, but he would work eight hours a day and earn £4 a week and be provided with free meals. I arranged, too, to provide him with accommodation.

But, although he took my introduction, he never went near the job!

THE MAKER OF TOYS

THERE were many decent types of men among these wanderers who more than repaid for the occasional waste of time on the blackguards. The following is, perhaps, an interesting example.

He was a cheerful looking old man with a short, white beard, and all his working life, up to a few years ago, he had been a seaman in the Merchant Navy, which he had had to leave as the work became too strenuous for him. Then he took to making children's toys in wood and peddling his wares from town to town. Before the war he made good money at the trade, which had, however, gradually fallen off. And now, he explained, he had a fresh trouble which forced him to retire completely from the business.

"Can't you sell your toys at all, now?" I asked him.

"It ain't that, Mister," he replied. "The trouble is I can't get the raw material."

"You mean the wood?" I said, "but surely you need very little."

"Ah! But it's the permit."

"Is that so difficult to get?"

"Difficult! Blimey!" he exclaimed, "You should see the forms they want fillin' up!"

"Yes, I understand," I said. "Well, what sort of a job do you want me to give you?"

"Anything—I don't mind, Mister. 'ave you got a scrubbing and cleaning job? I'm good at that. But I don't care what it is as long as it's a job, and so long as there ain't no bloody forms to fill up," and he uttered the last words with exquisite disgust.

I got him a very comfortable post where he did me great credit.

THE DRUNKARDS

THE following men were not Tramps in the strict sense of the word since they confined themselves to London; they were among what were known as the In and Outs, which is to say that they were continually, and at short intervals, in and out of the Council's institutions.

The first was a nice-looking, shortish, clean-shaven, grey-haired man, some age between fifty and sixty, who was always dressed in a neat grey suit. I can't remember how many jobs I had given him—probably six or seven—before I placed his name on the Black List because he lost them all through drunkenness.

Then, one afternoon when I was working alone in the office, the door opened and he stood, somewhat hesitant, upon the threshold.

"Could you spare me five minutes, Sir?" he asked.

"Certainly," I replied. "Come in and sit down."

"The Master tells me that you have placed me on the Black List," he said as he took the chair I pointed to.

I confirmed the fact, pointing out to him that he had left me no alternative and that I had done so with reluctance, which was true. The strange thing was that he did not look a bit like a drunkard. His clothes were fairly good, he was scrupulously clean and tidy and his face was that of a normally healthy man. He looked so utterly wretched that I could not help feeling desperately sorry for him.

"Listen to me G——," I said. "Why don't you take your courage in both hands and go, as a voluntary patient, into one of the

hospitals for nervous diseases. They'd probably cure you."

He gave a little shudder. "Oh! I couldn't do that, Sir," he whispered, with downcast eyes. Presently he looked up and continued: "But if you'd give me one more chance I promise you that this time I'll make good."

"And how many times have you made me that promise?" I said ruefully.

He sighed and looked at the floor again.

"By the way, what was your original trade?" I asked.

"Licensed Victualler," he replied.

"You owned a public house?"

He surprised me by telling me that he had owned three, in the North of England, but it was before the 1914 war.

"And how did you come to lose all those businesses?" I asked.

He shrugged his shoulders: "Bad trade—and then I went to the war—and then there was trouble at home." He paused.

"And then," I finished for him, "you thought to drown your sorrows and so created more. I know. The trouble is G—— that you've already probably lost me two good employers. I really don't feel like taking any further risk."

"Give me one more chance, Sir, and I swear before God that you won't regret it!" He pleaded with such desperate earnestness that, after pondering the matter for several minutes, I came to the fateful decision that he should have his "one more chance": "But you must understand," I added, "that I am going to tell your employer, beforehand, exactly what your trouble is."

He readily agreed to this and was genuinely effusive in his thanks, so I rang up the employer to whom I intended to recommend him, one of my many generously minded ones, who agreed to give him a month's trial at £3 a week with free board and lodging, and G——started work on the following morning.

It was on a Saturday night, a week or ten days later, when I was coming home late in the Piccadilly Tube, when I suddenly heard a commotion, and bursts of laughter, coming from the end of the car where a number of Canadian soldiers were seated. Then I saw, to my consternation, the cause of all the hilarity. It was my friend G——, in a condition of glorious inebriation, hanging to a strap and trying to sing an Irish song, while his feet made ridiculous efforts to dance what was probably intended to be a jig. I was glad when I saw a kindly Canadian help him out at the next station.

On the following Monday I rang up the Master of the workhouse who told me that the man had turned up in the early hours of Sunday morning, disgracefully drunk and with half a bottle of methylated spirit in his pocket. "They had to fetch me out of bed to deal with him," he concluded glumly!

The other case is just as tragic but less amusing.

Here, again, was a nicely behaved, clean, well-spoken man whose appearance belied his unfortunate addiction. He was also between fifty and sixty years of age, and he had fought in both world wars and in both risen to the rank of sergeant. He always wore his service ribbons and I noted that one denoted a decoration—I forget which, but think it must have been the Distinguished Conduct Medal. He told me that he had joined the army as a boy, in the band, and remained in it throughout the 1914 war and for some time after. When he did get his discharge he went into the hotel and catering trade, starting at the top, as a hall porter, but ending as a washer-up. In the late war he joined as a reservist and was discharged in the early part of 1944 as no longer fit for the service, but as there was, in fact, nothing the matter with him, I rather fancy that he was becoming a nuisance. He said he was a single man, which may or may not have been true, since the bulk of these men describe themselves as single when, if the truth were known, they are deserters from the domestic hearth evading maintenance orders.

That was all there was of background to him. He attributed his unfortunate habit to the fact that both his father and grandfather were drunkards and also because he suffered from fits of depression: "It's when I get the bloody hump, Sir, that I dive off the deep end."

Well, I did everything humanly possible to pull this man together, but it was just

wasted effort. And yet he really did want to reform; that was the most tragic part of it. And like G——, too, the idea of a mental hospital terrified him. I took his name twice off the Black List to give him the "just one more chance" for which he pleaded so pathetically, but it was useless. He, too, drank methylated spirit!

I should, perhaps, mention here that the Black List, to which I have referred, is a panel for men who have been proved completely unemployable, and I should also like to emphasize the fact that this list is a very small one. In four or five years, during which we sent some four thousand of these derelicts to work, the list did not reach one hundred and fifty names.

ENVOI

I WAS once interested in a non-ferrous metal works and we found it profitable not only to re-melt the dross from the furnaces but the sweepings from the foundry floor! Surely, if such a process is considered necessary in connection with inanimate matter it is much more so in dealing with human beings, where the salvage is of so much more value! And yet there were many people in the Council's service who disagreed with the method and thought it a waste of time, involving a great deal of work and worry, neither of which is courted by bureaucracy.

It is well to recognize, too, that the sins of these dregs of humanity can be found in all classes of society—and with less excuse, perhaps. Neither is it just to damn them because the weight of their backslidings has sunk them to their wretched level. We all suffer for our sins, but we usually have friends who help us to recover before it is too late. The men whom I have pictured have no friends!

THE BALANCED LIFE REQUIRES THE COUNTRY

By VINCENT SHEEAN *

FROM time to time chance throws under my eyes a learned essay by some fellow-writer on how to run a farm. Nothing impresses me more with my own inadequacy. I too am a writer, and I too have lived on a farm for five or six months of every year I could possibly manage it—yet what do I know about farming? Right now I can see the sheep in the upper pasture and the cows in the low pasture down toward the stream, and to distinguish between them is about the limit of my agricultural capacity. As for soil erosion and contour farming—well, these specialized words are to me more or less like the lingo of the medical profession or of the ineffable law; and it seems highly unlikely that I shall ever know much more than I now do about such subjects.

Why, then, do I like to live in the country? I have no great desire to flee from the city and talk to the birds. The city seems all right to me, in its place, and when Henry Thoreau said that the pigs in the streets were the most respectable part of the population of New York, I think he was speaking only for that unique woodland personality which was himself. (I like to read Thoreau, and, what is more, I do; but it suits me better to read him than to imitate him.) On the other hand I am not like some persons who get a sort of nostalgia for city sounds and smells after a week in clean air. It would therefore appear that I occupy that deplorable compromise position, a middle ground, liking New York and Vermont for quite different but complementary reasons.

But even if middle ground is—on this or any other question—less "interesting" than your wild-eyed extremes, I have a consolation: most people of my acquaintance agree with me. If I took a census I know well that some extreme opinions would be expressed. A woman novelist in the higher income brackets once told me she could not work at all where the birds disturbed her as they do in these parts. I know some equally decided characters who have not set foot in a big city for some years and never will unless forced. But the generality of mankind seems to think, as I do, that there is a balance in the forms of life available under our social and economic system, and this balance most of us try to strike. Why else would so many thousands of well-to-do people go through the daily struggle of a journey into and out of the great city for their work?

Few indeed are the jobs which permit anything like an even division of the year between country and town. Various artists, scientists, writers, and the like are able to work at a distance from the market place, and among these a half-year in the country seems to be the aim. Some can manage even to make it a little more. In my neighbourhood in Vermont there is an explorer-geographer whose work permits him over six months here every year, there is a painter who stays all but the three coldest months; my nearest neighbours count on five months and sometimes extend it. Tranquillity and beauty are worth the chance you take on a little bad weather at the beginning or end of such a period.

I know of no solitaries in this part of the hills. There is in fact a fair amount of visiting back and forth of an evening among these exiles from city streets; but there is no organized social life, and an object like a dinner jacket is seldom seen. (I leave mine in New York.) Such riding or swimming as goes on is usually a family affair, and

* *Mr. Vincent Sheean is the well-known American author, and has written a number of books on current problems.*

when we have guests from the metropolis they do not seem to mind the absence of country clubs.

THE life, in fact, centres where it belongs —in the house. In my own case, if I do not want to ride or swim or even walk, I am quite capable of an inert day within the walls. When the children come in from their interminable activities they can give me enough open-air life between the soup and the meat to make up for any amount of inertia. Their indefatigability is somehow less noticeable in the city—perhaps because they are immured in school so much of the day; here they seem never to have an immobile moment except when they are asleep. They require less companionship, as well as less of everything else, in these surroundings, and their brown legs lead them daily into a variety of adventures which lose none of their breathless interest through being simple. The day when Larry, one of the boys on the farm, found and killed a small garden snake under the lilac hedge offers a case in point. My daughters are prey to a great agitation when they see a snake, and of course Larry did not fail to tell them that this harmless little creature was a very dangerous beast, so that from this sordid episode they derived lasting impressions of drama and escape. They were talking about it for days.

And then of course, any birth, death, misadventure, or conspicuous alteration in the animal kingdom acquires commanding interest. Last summer a pair of barn swallows nested under the eaves of the back porch, just off the kitchen. These birds have considerable family feeling, and both parents showed the young a good deal of attention up to the time they were able to fly. This process, from the time the young appeared until they had actually gone off under their steam, was watched by my children with a passionate concentration in which their English nanny, a great hand at birds, encouraged them inordinately. More startling apparitions, such as the scarlet tanager pausing on his long migration from South America to Nova Scotia, aroused nothing like so much admiration. It is, I think, the process of life rather than any of its single manifestions that engages the imagination of the human young—that is if I am to judge (as we all do) by my own. The dog that has hurt his foot, the new calf growing older, the bird that tries to fly and finally does fly—all this is more engrossing than the most exquisite creature seen only for a moment on migration. The sense of relative beauty seems to come along later; and sometimes, as when I remember my own children's fascination at the sight of a rhinoceros in the zoo, I think sheer grotesquerie is valued by them for its own sake.

At any rate, these simple pleasures appear to be enough. There is no great outcry for parties here, although during the winter such gatherings assume an enormous importance. I believe that the country life does more to restore a balance in children's minds and connect them with the processes of which they are a part than any educational effort might achieve. They usually have an excessive interest in the actual work of the farm—the gathering and testing of eggs, milking, haying, the activities of the neighbour's gardener—so that sometimes they have to be kept out of the way of the work lest they impede it. I doubt if children brought up for part of any year on a farm will be afraid of animals thereafter—an enormous point of essential reality gained.

And then, of course, the drama of the vegetation, of the physical aspect of the changing season, is highly accentuated in most parts of New England. Children who have watched it all, half-consciously, from the blossoming of the apple trees up to the startling flame of September and October, will never find the printed calendar altogether meaningless. (My own eight-year-old, in London in March, spoke of our trees, which she had not seen for six months.) The mystery of their memories—of the amazing things they remember and of the worlds they forget—is always uppermost in the relation of children with adults, but among the things they do not forget are the forms of life which surround them during their months in the country.

My own adaptation, I may say, is less complete, but it suits me. To be lazy is bad

enough in such surroundings, but to be both lazy and busy makes the life somewhat less countrified than it perhaps ought to be. When I am working at full speed I may possibly not go beyond the front hedge in the course of a day; and the evening may slide by on gramophone records and books. "Why, then," the captious might say, "live in the country? What does it matter where you live if you are glued to a chair?"

To this the reply is that it *does* matter, and enormously. No concentration is so complete that it excludes the house, the garden, the weather. The valley glows up at me now with such greenness that it cannot be shut out. Later on it will assume such deep orchestral colours that I will postpone departure as long as possible so as to miss nothing of the final chords. The arrival of the mail is an event here; I never know when or how it comes in New York. My run down to the village by the lake, which occurs almost every day, the occasional walk or ride on a trail in the hills, or even a cocktail on my capacious front porch, would not be the same anywhere else. Reducing the complications of ordinary existence is one reason for the well-being that seems to be part of life here, but it is not the only one: the surroundings themselves have much to do with it. Even the sedentary and middle-aged, even those who take less exercise than I do, are still aware of the sunset and the singing of birds. That is why, although I am no more a farmer to-day than I was twenty years ago, I still think of myself as somehow, in my own way, belonging here.

WHAT Henry Thoreau would have thought of us all is another matter. I have an idea he would have had nothing but scorn for people who lived in the country without submerging into it altogether as he did. And when I explore his four volumes on the seasons in New England—not to speak of *Walden*—I realize his much closer relationship to all this. Unregenerate, I say to him: "Rather you than I, Henry. And besides, if we all went wading at dawn as you did, could we get such pleasure from reading your books? You wrote them so that we could have your discoveries without making them ourselves, didn't you?"

I have had no reply from Mr. Thoreau, but in some of his exchanges with Emerson I see that he has dealt with the problem pretty conclusively.

The solitaries of the other sort, like Rousseau, are even more remote from our kind of country life. Thoreau was an inexhaustible explorer, a strange and passionate spirit in communion with everything he could see, hear, or touch—except other human beings. Rousseau, so far as I could ever make out, used his solitary promenades as excuses for emotion which had little or nothing to do with nature herself. The great lover of nature seems to have used her chiefly as a sort of springboard from which he could take a high dive, screaming, "Look at me, Mom!"

Such romanticism is not native to these parts and does not even come here. It is as distant from Vermont as Vermont is from the most fashionable parts of Long Island. Any excessively poetic emotion about a sunset, a tree, or a bird is best kept to yourself in these regions if you value the even tenor of your way — as who doesn't? I remember showing a trifle too much agitation about a distinguished visitor, the indigo bunting, a small bird of a dream-like blue, that passed by the other day—and from the comments made by my neighbours I judged I had gone pretty far. Up here nature is what you live with, and if there is poetry to be written about her, they have Robert Frost for that.

In any case, this is the way I like it. Uncommunicative enjoyment is no less enjoyment; and Vermonters, even the most taciturn of them, are fully aware of their surroundings, as we all see when the first resplendent days come after a long saturation in spring rain. Every encounter begins the same way: "Fine day." There is never much amplification of this remark, but neither may it be omitted. It is the homage paid by reticence to beauty.

THOSE who wish to live in the country in the way I have indicated—that is, on about a semi-permanent basis, without agricultural passion or social pretence—have

consolations innumerable. We all feel a little guilty about not staying here every month of the year, as our native-born neighbours do, wrestling with the soil and the seasons; but on the other hand these same neighbours look upon us as a different breed altogether from the brief sojourners whom they call, in some areas, "summer complaint". The principal characteristic of "summer-complaint" visitors seems to be that they cease to exist after Labour Day. They may come and go during the season, distinguished at all times by the lack of acquaintance with or adaptation to their surroundings, but the universal rule appears to be that they cannot endure the country a moment after Labour Day. Or so the country thinks. At a fishing port in Maine where friends of mine live, a summer visitor remarked, as he surveyed the scene at the pier, "Picturesque costumes you have here".

The fisherman honoured by this remark hitched his galluses and replied, "Yep. But they all go after Labour Day".

Justly or unjustly, this country-side judges us by whether or not we stay after Labour Day. We who do, even though we may fly before the snow does, attain a semi-indigenous respectability, and in the course of eight or ten years may almost come to be considered inhabitants. In relation to mere visitors, of course, we are always inhabitants, always able to give directions, point out the road to the nearest village, or otherwise exhibit local pride.

As sensible people, we do not give too much weight to such considerations, but they help us feel at home. An environment friendly to life is what everybody seeks, not, I think, the opportunities for display of one sort or another which were so valued in some preceding generations. An environment friendly to life is quite easy to find in cities, of course, given time, money, and energy; but it seems to come more naturally in the country—more spontaneously and, as a rule, more cheaply. The principal reason why this environment must always be available to relatively few people is that relatively few activities except agriculture can be systematically carried on for long at a time in the country. Even so, there is in the aggregate quite a number of us; and our aim is simply without either eroding or preserving the soil, to live in a relationship to it which takes account of its beneficence as the lovely and relentless seasons pass, bringing us ever nearer, it is true, but ever more knowingly, to its bosom.

Hugh Kingsmill

IT is a sad task to write on this page, so long and intimately associated with him, on the occasion of the death of Hugh Kingsmill. For me, additionally sad, because he was a close and dear friend, whose companionship provided me with some of the happiest hours of my life. For several years I was fortunate enough to live near him in the country, and we met almost daily. I cannot recall then, or at any time, a single tedious moment in his company.

His outstanding talent as a writer and critic, so varied and wide in its range, is sufficiently known to readers of the *New English Review*. Whatever he wrote about, his views were arresting, and, in the truest sense, original. He was incapable of being commonplace; there was no provision for it in his make-up. A book, a chance newspaper paragraph, a passing face, an overheard remark, a street monument, a remembered quotation—whatever it might be, it served to stimulate that abounding interest in life which he had in so exceptional a measure. "All the world in a grain of sand" was one of his favourite sayings, and he, truly, like Blake, saw all the world in everything.

His greatest favourite was Johnson, to whom he became increasingly attached. The last time I saw him, eight days before he died, when we were discussing what books he would like to have, he said the Lives of the Poets rather than Shakespeare because Johnson, unlike Shakespeare, had succeeded in overcoming rancour, rage, self-pity, and all other futile furies of the will. It reminded me of an occasion before the war in Hastings when we saw some hams for sale recommended as "mild and cured", and sighed to think that a condition which hams could attain appeared to be beyond the capacity of man. Johnson seemed to him to be pre-eminently mild and cured, and he loved him dearly and quoted him often. When a nurse came to re-arrange his pillow, and asked him if it would do, he recalled a remark of Johnson's, in similar circumstances—"Yes, it will do—all that a pillow can do."

During his last illness, despite much pain and increasing enfeeblement, his spirit was serene and unclouded; and, to the affectionate admiration of nurses and doctors, he maintained his wonderful humour to the end—a humour which derived essentially from an understanding, not a criticism, of life, and which was, therefore, irradiated with the deep, inward glow of imagination rather than the superficial sparkle of the mind. He was vastly amused when one of the nurses said that he "had been clinging on to life like grim death". The remark, he wrote, well conveyed "the strange paradox of wanting to cling on". To Hesketh Pearson he wrote at about the same time: "Balmy spring breezes are blowing in from the sea outside, and all past springs revive, but I hope that this decaying old husk will release me at not too long a date to recover all the beauty of those old days in some other form".

Essentially, he was a mystic; he loved this earth, and delighted more than most in its beauties and in human companionship, but looked beyond the bounds of time and mortality. Politics, and other manifestations of the pursuit of

power, he found bewildering, and largely absurd. As is apparent in his "The Poisoned Crown", his interest in figures like Lincoln and Cromwell lay, not in their achievements, but in the poetry which broke through their enslavement to the will. The same theme is presented, in terms of human relationships, in his novel "The Fall". This contrast between the will and the imagination was the essence of his point of view. He saw human beings as imprisoned souls, who yet could look forward with confidence to an ultimate release, and could find in human love, and the earth's dear loveliness, and their memories of past happiness, the image of an enduring felicity to come.

In such circumstances, he never could be wholly sad, even though grappling with what he usually referred to as "the empirical" often proved wearisome. He loved Cervantes's Knight of the Woeful Countenance, and Falstaff, and Augustus Moddle, and the best of Wordsworth, whatever conveyed without undue bitterness the disparity between human aspiration and human performance. Sadness, with him, never was derived from personal frustration; but he loved to quote:

"The clouds that gather round the setting sun
Do take a sober colouring from an eye
That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality."

His biographical studies of Dickens, Johnson, Matthew Arnold, Frank Harris, D. H. Lawrence and others, are all brilliantly discerning. So are his writings on Shakespeare, his "After Puritanism", and his anthologies. It was not at all the case, as has sometimes been suggested, that he was unduly critical in his attitude towards his subjects. He saw them and understood them as the men they were rather than what they purported to be; and as he grasped their humanity, so he was increasingly affectionately disposed towards them as individuals. He made, for instance, Harris's absurdity, his very lies and insincerities, seem no more than the poor accoutrements with which Don Quixote set forth mounted upon Rosinante.

This, however, is not the occasion, nor have I now the purpose, to write at length about his work. It is the man I remember—the extraordinary stimulation of his company, the wonderful laughter all along the Embankment and up into the Strand, the invariable pleasure in seeing him and hearing his voice, the incomparable richness of his mind and of his humour and of his affection—so many unforgettable things said; scarcely a book which does not evoke some memory of him, scarcely a street which will not now seem slightly desolate.

When his illness became critical I said to Hesketh Pearson that I felt, in all seriousness, as though if he died half the pleasure of living would, at one stroke, be gone. Hesketh agreed with me that it was so for him, too. Hugh, we agreed, was a unique person whose greatness lay, as all true greatness must, in his faculty to see into the mystery of things. In the light of this, all considerations of success and failure, of recognition and neglect, became utterly irrelevant. They are shed along with what he described as his "decaying old husk". What remains is the only thing that ever does or can remain—his deep and undeviating purpose to seek out the significance of life, as distinct from its phenomena; his unsparing and inexhaustible interest in his fellows, with all the bright hours it brought to those privileged to be his friends; the memory of him which they will always cherish.

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LITERATURE AND CRITICISM

A VICTIM OF TWO TERRORS

UNDER TWO DICTATORS. By Margarete Buber. *Victor Gollancz.* 21*s.*

NO witness cited by Kravchenko produced anything remotely comparable to the impression produced by the writer of this moving book. Margarete Buber lived as the wife of Heinz Neumann, one of the best known of the German Communist leaders. He took refuge in Russia and found his way into the close circle round Stalin, but in 1937—like many other German Communists at that time in Moscow—he was arrested. Margarete never saw him again. A few months later she was arrested. She was thrust into a cell supposed to be for twenty-five but which contained one hundred and ten inmates. "It was like a heap of worms and the air was hardly breathable". The only vacant place was next to two lavatory pails whose contents "stank to high heaven". The wall beds which were turned down and the whole cell was covered with planks, all that was left uncovered was the centre gangway. There was not enough room for prisoners to lie on their backs, they had to lie on their sides and when one hip was tired negotiations had to be entered into with the prisoners on each side so as to turn together. There was not enough light in the cell to distinguish the inmates.

The day began at 4.30 a.m. when the inmates of the cell hurried desperately to the wash room, ten watertaps and five holes in the ground to serve the purpose of the lavatory "imagine if you can going to the lavatory in the morning with at least a dozen pairs of eyes watching you, and being shouted at, and urged on by others waiting impatiently for their turn. And woe betide you if you couldn't hurry". Every human activity which might have relieved the misery, singing and speaking was forbidden.

Everything was done to spoil the one real pleasure of the day, the twenty minutes exercise in the open air. The prisoners had to walk in pairs with their hands behind their backs. "If one of us forgot herself sufficiently to lift her head in a deep breath or to swing her arms in time to our walk there were immediate shouts."

For punishment there was solitary confinement in the dark. Many of those confined were not charged with any offence. It is significant of the depths to which Soviet Russia has sunk that the relations and children of a condemned prisoner are frequently imprisoned on the principle of collective punishment. The "rugged individualism" of Capitalistic States which only punish people for the crimes they have actually committed is not encouraged in the Socialist Paradise.

No prisoner held on political remand in Moscow was allowed to receive anything from home, and the prison authorities provided nothing in the way of clothing. A woman who had been arrested in the street was in prison so long that "her light dress was falling off her in rags". One of the most moving passages in this profoundly moving book describes the illegal manufacture of a dress by her compassionate fellow prisoners out of the rough towels that some prisoners were permitted to buy. Perhaps the only reassuring thing about this book is the degree to which kindness and compassion survive in the most horrifying conditions.

It is needless still further to harrow the reader's feelings by quoting the authoress' description of the slave colony in Karaganda (Siberia) to which she was sentenced.

In January, 1940, the authoress was a victim of the ultimate infamy. Together with a hundred political refugees who had sought shelter in Soviet Russia from the Nazi tyranny she was handed over by Communist Russia to the Nazi Gestapo at Brest-Litovsk. This was at the period when Communists throughout the world were working for a Nazi peace under the direction of the Kremlin.

The Communists and their fellow travellers throughout the world should *never* be allowed to forget this obscene crime. Never in all the dark history of human treachery has there been anything to equal the handing over of a hundred German Communists to the Nazi Gestapo. The authoress spent five years in the vile concentration camp of Ravensbrück and was ultimately rescued by the Americans. She was unsustained in her ordeal by any explicit religious beliefs but there is no trace in this book of that violent hostility to religion with which, as a Communist, she must one time have been imbued. On the contrary she was deeply impressed by

two Nuns in the Russian penal colony. She heard them singing Church hymns. Once by an accident there was meat in the soup and the food was altogether much better, because it was a fast day the nuns offered her their meat. "What strength of character was necessary to refuse such a rarity as meat." The authoress was also as impressed by the fanatic courage of the many members of the "Jehovah Witnesses" whom she met at Ravensbrück as she was annoyed by their beliefs. Any member of that sect could have left the camp by signing a repudiation of their peculiar beliefs. Very few left.

The book is exceptionally well written, with occasional touches of humour and with restraint. In spite of the genuine modesty with which she writes, one realizes not only that she was a woman of superhuman fortitude to survive seven such years—she was indeed the *only* survivor of the hundred German Communists handed over to the Nazis—but that she was also a woman of great compassion, a focus of comfort and strength in terrible surroundings. Not a Christian but at least *anima naturaliter Christiania.*

She was the principal witness at the Kravchenko trial against a system of murder and slavery infinitely worse than anything in the pagan world into which Christ was born.

A principal witness on the other side was an ecclesiastic drawing a handsome stipend from a Christian Church.

ARNOLD LUNN.

ZIONISM

TRIAL AND ERROR. The Autobiography of Chaim Weizmann. *Hamish Hamilton* 21*s.*

THE truth about Zionism is not to be found in this very remarkable book, by the great national leader of Israel. Here is propaganda for Jewish irredentism conveyed by extraordinarily skilful misrepresentation of the facts. It is a masterly attack, almost wholly unfair, on the successive British Governments who have made the establishment of Israel in Palestine possible.

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As a record this book has already been joyfully acclaimed by one prominent Left Wing Parliamentarian, and he speaks for many others in all parties. In his dealings with English politicians Dr. Weizmann has had one immense advantage which has made all his disadvantages of obscure origin quite insignificant. He has always known exactly what he wanted, and why. The Gentiles have never been in this position. So he has been able to get them to do what he wanted in Palestine, and then kick them out; and the majority of those responsible, in all parties, have covered their shame with loud-voiced approval. The weakest go to the wall.

The opening description of Weizmann's life as an unhappy Jewish subject of the Tsar is very remarkable, and, I believe, a unique document in English. Equally good is the description of early Zionism, and the tussle between Zionists and Assimilationists in European Jewry, though here we begin to see the beginning of that misrepresentation which makes the later part of the book of limited historical value. He is violently unfair to his Jewish opponents, notably to Edwin Montagu.

The first prominent English politician to become interested in Zionism was, of course, Arthur Balfour, but we learn here that the first to move for Zionism in the Great War was Lloyd George, and he moved as early as 1914. Although Weizmann's account is prejudiced, there is every reason to accept his statement that Lloyd George, as much as Balfour, supported Zionism for sincere religious reasons. But they were not the same kind as Weizmann's. The leader of Israel had an exact theology; the Gentiles had not. They loved the Bible and wanted to do something good. Their religion was, for the most part, Christianity watered down by William James and his like; the hesitant piety of respectable Europeans. The Jew, on the other hand, was exalted by that superb faith which, because it has remained intact, has preserved his people intact, and given them an astonishing destiny which is most easily explained in supernatural terms. Under these circumstances, the Gentile politicians were no match for him. He was strong. In theology they were very weak indeed.

People knew less about nationalism then than they do now. It was supposed, with good reason, that the extreme forms of this kind of devotion were peculiar to Europe. It was expected that the Syrians of Palestine would not much mind Zionist intrusion, as they would lack national consciousness. (As it is they have minded less than Europeans would have done.) In Dr. Weizmann's record of negotiations leading up to the Balfour Declaration, very little is heard about the Arabs. That he had no anxieties on their account then is wholly excusable, but the arrogance with which he dismisses the possibility of there being an Arab case is repulsive in view of the later history of Palestine. His account becomes increasingly one-sided as he approaches the present day. We hear very little of the abominable terrorism of the last few years, nothing of the 800,000 refugees in Transjordan, nothing of Deir Yassin, nothing of the destruction of the King David Hotel. We hear an enormous amount about the British displaying anti-Jewish feelings when they handed over, and not a breath of an explanation why that should have been so. And it suits British politicians to treat this as history. Their weakness has reduced them to that.

CHRISTOPHER SYKES.

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TIME WILL DARKEN IT. Willian Maxwell. *Faber.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

AFTER a silence of several years. Mr. Francis Stuart has written two novels in quick succession. It is clear that each is a part of the one argument, *The Pillar of Cloud*, published last year, concerned an Irishman interned in Germany during the war and his relations with two sisters, displaced persons. *Redemption* deals with an Irishman returned home after a similar experience. Ezra Arrigho is trying to find his balance in a little country hotel near his former home; behind him is the pain, humiliation and exaltation of his adventures in Germany; confronting him is the secular convention in the shape of his wife Nancy and the religious convention in the shape of Father Mellowes, a priest with more wisdom than learning. Ezra is one discordant element in the town of Altamount, the other is the Dublin fishmonger, Kavanagh, who is conducting an intrigue with his shop girl to the public scandal. The relations between Ezra, Kavanagh and Father Mellowes develop into an allegory of the conflict between the power of the flesh and the power of the flesh redeemed through Christ. Ezra heaps insult upon the priest by a passionless (and incredible) seduction of his sister; Kavanagh murders his doxy in a fit of jealous lust, the girl Margareta, whom Ezra had thought dead in a bombed cellar in Germany, turns up alive. It is to Ezra that Kavanagh comes, dazed by the murder, to wait for his inevitable arrest. Ezra feels the bond between them and the priest's sister Romilly, knowing herself repudiated by Ezra, marries Kavanagh in order to have someone "to save and to help". Baldly recited much of this may sound absurd and a good deal of the book is, on a realistic plane, unconvincing. But if, as persons, the characters seem unlikely to behave as they are made to, the force and passion with which the ideas are developed and the author's power of putting a scene before the eye endows them with a spiritual life which transcends realism. Here is a book that can

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MACMILLAN

be called Dostoevskian, in its descriptions of the collapse of ordinary life in Eastern Germany, its identification of the criminal with the hostage, its feeling that all human experience is one. The least successful relationship is that of Ezra and the priest, which does not sound the depths like the relation between Alain Forcas and Gradère in Mauriac's *Les Anges Noirs*. Ezra remains a somewhat literary figure and Father Mellowes is nebulous, perhaps beclouded by the soft, brooding Irish air, perhaps also because there is absent from this book, for all its descriptions of horror and crime, a conviction of the existence of evil, as a positive force without which the moral drama tends to fall to pieces.

IT is difficult for a middle-aged European to consider *The Naked and the Dead* as seriously as its author's intention, because we have always known "the truth" about wars, even before Messrs. Barbusse, Remarque, Aldington, and Hemingway set out to inform us twenty-five years ago. The increase in literary outspokenness since that time has enabled Mr. Mailer to reproduce the common soldier's vocabulary and daydreams with a fidelity which many will find shocking and many more will find boring. Stripping the book of the ballyhoo, what have we got? A huge, rather shapeless novel about a group of men engaged in trying to oust the Japanese from one of the Pacific islands; an attempt to take an average sample of the American enlisted man—a Texan "killer" sergeant, a Mexican, an Italian, two Jews, several products of assorted origin from the slums, urban and rural—the whole making up a picture of a society as culturally impoverished as the Erskine Caldwell country but not nearly so amusing.

Nobody in the book, including General Cummings, a vigorous if not very subtle study of what novelists of the thirties used to call the Fascist type, seems to regard himself as anything but an individual engaged in a specific enterprise. Only the two Jewish soldiers are in any way concerned with the war in Europe. That most fruitful source of artistic conflict in a war novel, the relation between the soldier and his enemy opposite, the feeling of the clash of cultures, is not present. The Japanese are scarely human, their presumption provokes irritated resentment and the affair is treated like a punitive expedition. The energy and invention which have gone to the making of this book is remarkable, it is written in that confident, vigorous prose which creates a primary image of great vitality but the image proves to be hollow behind. As the work of a young man of twenty-five it compels admiration for the vast plan and sustained handling: this is Mr. Mailer's first war and it has produced a very typical reaction. It has also produced a best seller, which provides another slant on the author's statement that his book is intended to show "the discrepancy between effort and recompense in a sick society".

JOHN P. MARQUAND'S novel *Repent in Haste* is a mere 160 pages as against Mr. Mailer's 720 but I am not sure that his brief and ironical account of one by-product of war—the hasty marriage between unthinking young people—does not tell us more about a certain section of American society than Mr. Mailer's long and earnest clinical report. But then John P. Marquand is not a commencing novelist. His types are sketched firmly if economically, there isn't an ounce of false sentiment and there is no moral except that Time Marches On.

A FAST receding America, much more endearing to the European, is affectionately reconstructed by Mr. William Maxwell, who as readers of *The Folded Leaf* will remember is interested in "culture patterns" and who observes with truth that it is more difficult to recreate the life of a small town in the Middle West in the years before the first European war than that of the pre-Columbian Indians of Venezuela. The action of *Time Will Darken It* is set in motion by the visit paid by a family from Mississippi to a cousin in Iowa. He is Austin King, a young lawyer, ambitious yet scrupulous and unable to act ruthlessly. The daughter of the visiting family falls romantically in love with him, he is attracted by her youth and unimpaired idealism and anxious to help her to adjust herself to the world, but he cannot return her love any more than his beautiful, withdrawn and jealous wife Martha can fully return his. The story moves slowly but its leisurely pace is comforting, there is a good deal of quiet satire in the handling of the "Southern charmers" and the book affects us like a story told about a distant relative in the family album whose portrait one has always rather liked.

RUBY MILLAR.

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THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH: HIS LIFE AND WORK. By Dr. Mary Woodall, with illustrations, including four colour plates. *Phoenix House*. 16*s*.

DR. MARY WOODALL, Keeper of the Department of Art in the City Museum, Birmingham, was closely associated with the admirable Richard Wilson exhibition at the Tate Gallery. She has already published an authoritative work on Gainsborough's Landscape Drawings. She now brings her knowledge and enthusiasm to bear on the life and work of Gainsborough. The result is a well-balanced critical study of a peculiarly English painter who excelled equally in the domains of landscape and portraiture.

Sir Joshua Reynolds more than once deplored Gainsborough's lack of academical training and regretted his aloofness from the Italianizing influences which governed English art of the period. Gainsborough, however, was an instinctive painter who learned from Nature, perfecting his craft as he went. He was not impervious to the example of his great predecessors. He admired and at times copied Van Dyck, Murillo and the Dutch masters. But he was more than usually endowed with a vision and purpose of his own.

Like Constable, Crome and Cotman he came from East Anglia, that fertile breeding ground of natural and individual landscape painters. Although he was often obliged to paint portraits his heart was really in landscape. His understanding of the English countryside and the weather which conditions it glows in many of his masterpieces.

Dr. Woodall's monograph is enlivened by glimpses of the character of a painter who must have been as good to know as his works are to uphold.

SYDNEY J. MAIDEN.

ROSSETTI DEFENDED

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI: HIS FRIENDS AND ENEMIES. By Helen Rossetti Angeli. *Hamish Hamilton*. 15*s*.

THIS book is written, says the introduction (the author is Rossetti's niece, daughter of William Rossetti), "with the object of contradicting misstatements and correcting misapprehensions", and the average reader, starting with no very strong feelings either way, mistrustfully expects a work of earnest family piety, full of old controversies in which he is expected to take the less interesting side in opposition to some previous biographer.

The old controversies are there, fully documented, and with many a shrewd crack at Miss Violet Hunt, who wrote about Elizabeth Siddal, and Mr. Evelyn Waugh, who wrote about Rossetti. Mrs. Angeli is concerned to show the reader that Rossetti was *not* grasping or amoral, and *did* pay his debts, and was *not* ungrateful to Ruskin; that he was not nearly so much upset by criticism as has been suggested, and if he was, had every justification; that he was *not* indifferent to religious matters; and, above all, that the notion that his infidelity to her was the cause of his wife's suicide rests on misremembered if not invented hearsay.

The mass of testimony called in to support this formidable brief might be expected to weigh down any book; but the evidence itself is nearly always interesting, and there are refreshing interludes—such as the account of the difference between Morris and Rossetti over the respective merits of Nordic and Latin culture, or the lively sketch of the picturesque C. A. Howell—in which nobody has to be defended. The result is conspicuously more entertaining than the average reader might suppose.

RICHARD MALLETT.

MEDITERRANEAN PALIMPSEST

FABLED SHORE: FROM THE PYRENEES TO PORTUGAL. By Rose Macaulay. *Hamish Hamilton*. 15*s*. *net*.

ROSE MACAULAY has followed in the steps of the Greek mariner who travelled along the Mediterranean coast-line of Spain from the Pyrenees to the Pillars of Hercules and then on to the southern edge of Portugal in the sixth century B.C. But Miss Macaulay was more fortunate than the mariner whose topographical sailing-book apparently inspired the poem *Ora Maritima* by the late Roman writer Avienus. Avoiding the sea road and travelling by car, she has been able

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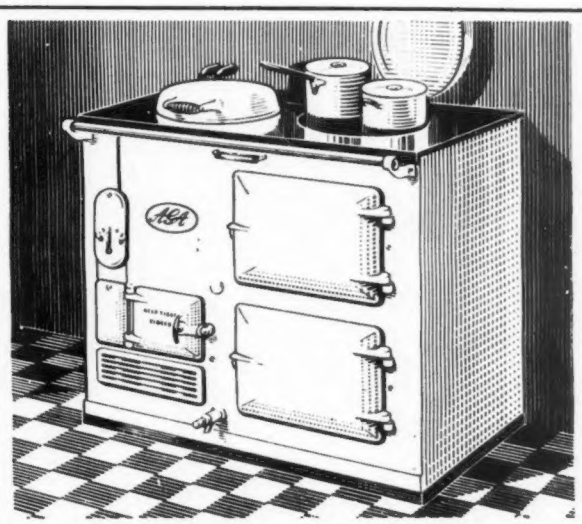

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to see the inland cities, now made more magical for the traveller's eye by fierce and colourful ghosts of history. The fruits of her Odyssey are meaty descriptive passages and rather scholarly references to the turbulent life of the Iberian peninsula. It is possible, however, that those who have become accustomed to the more subjective kind of travel-book in which the author entertains the reader with egocentricity, personal philosophy and an abundance of chatter and attention to the mosaic of minor, everyday details, will sense a Baedeker-like severity about Miss Macaulay's book. But her absorption with the Mediterranean palimpsest will no doubt evoke in the serious reader some of the excitement that is found in well-written history. We do not only see with her the ghosts of Roman gentlemen lounging outside their villas or simple Visigoths knocking down heathen statues on the screen of memory, but also some of the more somatic remains of dead Tyre, Greece, Carthage, Gothia and Islam. Is there a contemporary Avienus to declaim on Miss Macaulay's journey into the past?

HUGO MANNING.

CHANGING THE CLIMATE

INDIVIDUALISM AND ECONOMIC ORDER. By F. A. Hayek. *Routledge*. 12*s*. 6*d*.

DOWN to reality since 1945, have come the problems of individualism versus the state, competition versus order, the free market versus planning. Before the British experiment in Socialism began, many tidy-minded theorists argued impressively in the abstract in favour of extending egalitarian state-control to almost every aspect of life; and their works enjoyed a great vogue. In those days, Professor Hayek's was a voice crying in the wilderness. When he came to the London School of Economics in 1931, he had lived through a decade of planned economy in Socialist Austria. The devastating logic applied by him to the assumptions of the planners was based on facts of Austrian experience which were ignored in this country.

In his previous book, *The Road to Serfdom*, Professor Hayek worked out an exciting new defence of the liberal economy in popular and almost polemical form. His new volume of essays is in comparison harder going—and for that reason it is more rewarding. As with many political and economic philosphers, gifted with truly original powers of thought, writing does not come easily to him. He is at his best when he is compressing into a short paper the results of many months of close thinking, and when he can count upon an audience of fellow professors to follow the full depth and range of his arguments.

The lectures in this volume on Individualism True and False, and on the Meaning of Competition, which were delivered before various academic audiences, will probably rank among the most seminal pronouncements of our time. To unearth the modern significance of Burke, Adam Smith and Malthus from beneath the utilitarian detritus of the nineteenth century is a stimulating service. And few sentences could more fundamentally sum up the philosophical basis of competition than this one: "The problem is precisely how to extend the span of our utilization of resources beyond the span of control of any one mind; and therefore, how to dispense with the need of conscious control, and how to provide inducements which will make individuals do the desirable things without anyone having to tell them what to do." It is a safe guess that Professor Hayek's work will be a potent factor in changing the climate of economic and political opinion within the next decade.

ALAN HODGE.

SEVEN POETS

THE CREATIVE EXPERIMENT. By C. M. Bowra. *Macmillan*. 16*s*.

THIS sequel to Professor Bowra's *The Heritage of Symbolism* is the best type of academic criticism; it is learned and helpful and tidies up a period of literary history which has been just out of focus. The critical historian of literature performs an essential function for the common reader: he shows him what is worth reading and shows it in relation to what he has already read, whereas the pure critic is often a creative artist with an intense but limited vision, who is useful to other artists, but by his partial sympathies and emotional heresy

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hunting depresses the average member of the literate public, the man who keeps literature going by enjoying it. Professor Bowra takes seven poets—Cavafy, Apollinaire, Mayakovsky, Pasternak, Eliot, Lorca and Alberti—and concentrates on the most significant work or phase of each. He illuminates strength instead of sniffing out weakness. A persuasive salesman, he occasionally overrates his wares; but that is a good fault at a time when we are still suffering from the contraction of sensibility enjoined on us by the school of Dr. Leavis. The virtues he emphasizes, precision, respect for tradition, variety, immediacy, courage, are those which wear well. Professor Bowra's intense awareness of the European past gives authority to his distinctions between the experimenters of this century. Those he selects from the ruck of false starters are worth very serious consideration and by quoting profusely, where necessary in translation, he provides a good deal of evidence to justify his claims.

R. G. G. PRICE.

TOLSTOY IN THE RAW

TOLSTOY AS I KNEW HIM. By Tatyana A. Kuzminskaya. *The Macmillan Company, New York.* 25*s.*

THERE is a spate of books about Tolstoy at present, but this one is surely the most delightful of them all. Tatyana Kuminskaya was Tolstoy's sister-in-law. At her father's house where Tolstoy was a welcome, frequent guest, when he was courting her sister Sonya, on visits to his home at Yasnaya Polyana when he and Sonya were married and he was busy on War and Peace, she was his friend. Few people were privileged to know him more intimately than Tatyana. She confided in him and professed that no one understood her as he did. She was his model for Natasha Rostova.

Essentially, therefore, this book of memoirs by Tatyana is a treasure house of information about Tolstoy. In letters (some not previously translated into English), in the reconstruction of incidents, in remembered conversations, she reveals his character, his temperament, his outlook, his impact on others and his manner of work. Yet the title, *Tolstoy As I Knew Him* though it is exact, by its very reference to the great man's name is unfair to Tatyana, who is no mean artist herself. Ernest Simmons says of her in his introduction that she has "obviously learned something from the narrative style of Tolstoy. 'And she herself emerges from the memoirs as a positive and altogether absorbing character. The whole has something of the charming flavour we would expect if Natasha Rostova had told us, in her own words, the story of her life".

These memoirs which now appear for the first time in English, have been translated as part of a vast work of translation undertaken by the American Council of Learned Societies. The six translators are to be congratulated.

PETER R. DONNELLY.

We regret that "Kimbolton Castle" by Laurence Whistler appeared in the May Number as "The last of three". This should have read "the second of the three". The third, namely "Castle Howard" will appear shortly.

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